The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The March Bookman will be a Lady Thackeray Ritchie Number, and will contain a special article on Lady Ritchie and her work by Lewis Melville. Other important articles in this Number will be "The Eve of the Catholic Emancipation," by Dr. William Barry; "Beaumarchais and Lafayette," by A. W. Evans; "The Rowley Poems," by John H. Ingram; "Nietzsche," by Holbrook Jackson; "Tennyson and his Friends," by Cranstoun Metcalfe; "William Morris," by Edward Thomas; "The New Logic," by Professor John Adams; "Psychology of the Religious Life," by Dr. James Moffatt, etc.

Most of our Dickens pictures are reproduced by permission from Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new edition of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens." We have already made reference to these two handsome volumes, which are enriched with five hundred illustrations, including numerous portraits of Dickens, his family and friends, facsimiles of his MSS., and photographs and sketches of places associated with him, the whole having been collected, arranged and carefully annotated by Mr. B. W. Matz, to whom and to Messrs. Chapman & Hall we are greatly obliged for the assistance they have kindly given us. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Matz for the loan of the photographs from which we have reproduced our presentation plate and the portrait of Dickens on the cover, the former being from a photograph by John Watkins, the latter from one by Gurney, of New York.

Charles Dickens.

From a sketch by Samuel Laurence in 1837, when "Pickwick" was appearing in monthly parts.

In former issues of The Bookman we have reproduced a good many selections from the work of Cruikshank, "Phiz," Fred. Barnard, Sir Luke Fildes, Frank Stone, and other of Dickens's early illustrators. He has been illustrated in colour by Frank Reynolds, Cecil Aldin, and several of the younger school of artists, and we have recently reproduced examples of this work. In the

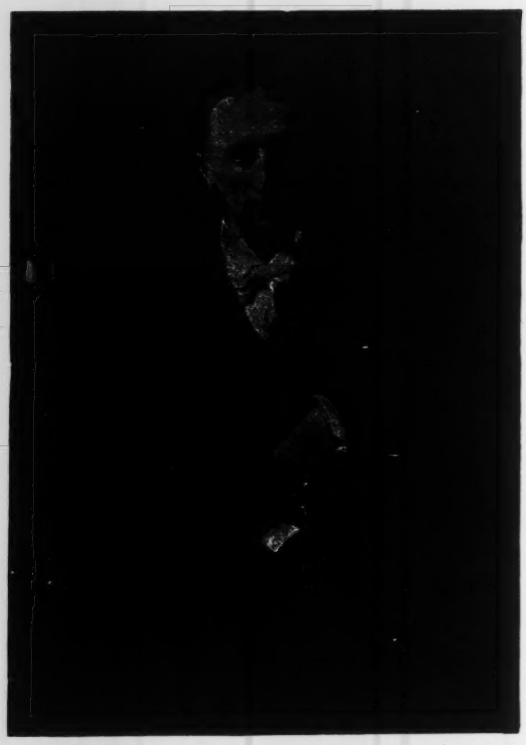

Photo by Violette Cotton. **Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.**

Youngest and only surviving son of Charles Dickens.

present issue, by the courtesy of the Waverley Book Co., the Educational Book Co., Messrs. A. & F. Pears and Messrs. W. Collins we are enabled to reproduce a half-dozen black-and-white illustrations by the latest of Dickens's illustrators.

In addition to the complete works of Dickens that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are now issuing, with all the original illustrations, in their beautiful Centenary Edition, there are charming editions of Dickens, with the original illustrations, published by Messrs. Macmillan; Messrs. Dent have included his works in their "Temple Classics;" Messrs. Blackie have them in two excellent series. Mr. Frowde issues various editions ranging in price from a shilling to three-and-six a volume; and Messrs. Nelson have published several volumes in their wonderfully cheap two-shilling series; the *Daily Chronicle* publishes a good sixpenny edition; and "Everyman's," the "World's Classics," Cassell's "People's Library," Collins's "Illustrated Pocket Dickens," and practically all the cheap fiction series include most of his novels. To make out anything like an adequate list would be a considerable labour; almost every publisher who has not published some of Dickens's books has published books about him, and many have done both.

The new edition of Dickens that the Waverley Book Co. is issuing contains introductions by Andrew Lang, A. C. Benson, William De Morgan, G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw and other well-known writers; it is illustrated throughout with character-sketches by Charles Pears, and includes beautiful reproductions in colour of the famous character-drawings by Fred Barnard.

Messrs. A. and F. Pears publish a charming edition of Dickens's five Christmas Books, with introductions by Clement Shorter, and illustrations by Charles Green and L. Rossi.

Literature is no longer overlooked as it used to be when titles are being conferred on the distinguished men of the nation, and we warmly congratulate Sir H. Rider Haggard on the honour that has justly fallen to him. He has just added to the long list of books for which we are indebted to him a new novel entitled "Marie," in which he returns to some of the characters and scenes of his early triumphs and tells the story of the first love of the famous Allan Quartermain. The story is published by Messrs. Cassell, who are issuing also a new novel by Mr. Max Pemberton, called "War and the Woman."

Miss Jeannette Marks, the author of "The End of a Song," that was published last autumn by Messrs. Putnam, has been declared one of the winners

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens.**

Dickens's ourth son, who died last month in America, where he had been giving a series of readings from his father's books.

Photo by Vandyk. **Miss Mary Angela Dickens**
Whose new novel, "The Debtor," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this month.

of the prize offered by Lord de Walden for a Welsh drama. It is probable that her two short plays, "The Welsh Honeymoon" and "The Cuckoo," will be produced before long on the London stage.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, who is well known as the author of several successful novels, is a granddaughter of Charles Dickens. Her father, Charles Dickens the younger, was the novelist's eldest son. Her new novel, "The Debtor," which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. have in press for immediate publication, centres on the restoration to health of an invalid by a miraculous power. Mary Chichester, a young widow, who has had an unhappy married experience, runs a successful tea-shop in Bond Street. She becomes engaged to Donaldson, a flying man, who, like herself, is an agnostic. Mrs. Chichester falls ill, and is declared by two specialists to be dying of heart disease. She pays a visit to a Catholic friend at Devonshire, who lives in a beautiful old house, to which is attached a simple chapel enshrining a small statue of the Virgin. The invalid prays earnestly before the shrine and is healed. The doctors conclude that their diagnosis was wrong, but one of them is not satisfied and ends by becoming a Catholic. This step causes her to break with Donaldson, and she ends by giving herself up to good work.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is recently home from a visit to America. A farewell dinner given in his honour by Mr. and Mrs. George Harven at the St. Regis Hotel, New York, was attended by a hundred distinguished Americans, including Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), Justus Miles Forman, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Frank Craig, Harrison Rhodes, Charles Dana Gibson, Albert Bigelow Paine, John Kendrick Bangs, George H. Doran, Miss Marie Von Vorst and Miss Carolyn Wells. One of the most felicitous speeches was that of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who said: "The approach of Thanksgiving reminds me of a remark of Leigh Hunt, who said he was disposed to say grace for a dozen other things in the day rather than his dinner. This thought has been starting a train of others in my mind this evening. We have a form for blessing food; might we not have a private one for a walk in the woods, a homecoming, an open fire, a child's kiss, the sight of a dear friend, a wide view of sky and sea? Above all, why have we no grace for books, those intellectual and spiritual repasts—a grace for Milton, a grace for Shakespeare? I often think of it when I am reopening an old book or closing a new one, for I am ready to worship a new (authentic) idol as well as an old one. The new idols themselves sometimes have a disturbing way of refusing to bow at the shrines of their older

Photo by Falk, New York. **Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.**
Whose new novel, "Havoc," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

brothers. But after all, you don't suffer keenly when you see your neighbour's idol rocking on its pedestal; for your own never budges a hair's breadth, no matter how fierce the attack! You may outgrow the author you have admired, but you never really outgrow the one you have loved. However, I don't care what the new idols *read*, if only they can write! So I shall say in my Thanksgiving grace: 'May the Lord make us truly thankful for a man who has made books of insight, power and beauty rise from the dust and smoke and noise of the "Five Towns"—Arnold Bennett!'"

Another English author who has lately been in America and been most hospitably and enthusiastically entertained there is Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose new novel, "Havoc," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. He was the guest of the St. Botolph Club, at Boston, and the St. Botolphians caricatured him on their menu in the act of playing golf, and printed under it the following brief lyric composed in his honour:

"We've dined full many a famous guest
Within this happy home,
And for each literary fest
We've hammered out a pome.
The mill has creaked and groaned with toil,
Producing just a verse—
The subject was quite bad enough,
The product was still worse.

We never had a cinch in rhyme
Till you turned up, O Oppenheim."

Mr. Keene Abbott.
Author of "A Melody in Silver" (Putnam).

Miss Rose Schuster.
Whose first novel, "The Triple Crown," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

In reviewing that excellent story, "A Melody in Silver," which was published last autumn by Messrs. Putnam, we spoke confidently of its author Keene Abbott as a woman, saying that no man could write about children with such complete understanding. Well, we were wrong. Keene Abbott is a man; he writes largely for the American magazines and is dramatic editor of the *Omaha World-Herald*. Happily, it seems, we were by no means alone in our guilt; several of our contemporaries fell into the same error, and Mr. Abbott says he is now trying to lead a ladylike existence in order to be worthy of the nice things we said of him, but he is not sure whether we regard him as a delicate young thing or as an old maid; if it is as the latter, he will fiercely resent it, but if we only consider him as "a nice, mild, sweet-tempered old woman (preferably a widow)" he will do his best to forgive us for mislaying his sex. We condole with Mr. Abbott on the fact that he is only a man; but we congratulate him on being the author of a delightful book that few women and fewer men could have written.

Miss Rose Schuster, whose first novel, "The Triple Crown," is published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is probably one of the youngest novelists who ever had a book accepted. Her story is a romance dealing with the period of the War of the Roses.

A little over a century ago Mrs. Barbauld wrote a remarkable heroic poem, "Eighteen Hundred and

Eleven," in which she took the gloomiest view of the conditions of life surrounding her, and in fervently eloquent terms prophesied the downfall of England. The Sunrise Publishing Company, Warrington, has re-issued this poem in a sixpenny volume, with a frontispiece portrait and an admirable critical and biographical introduction by Mr. Arthur Bennett. Mrs. Barbauld was a better poet than prophet, and this interesting philippic of hers should make chastening reading for the pessimists among us who are saying to-day much what she said a hundred years ago.

Photo by Romney, Glasgow. **Miss Maude Little.**
Author of "The Children's Bread" (Chatto & Windus).

"The Children's Bread" (Chatto and Windus) is Miss Maude Little's third novel. Her other two, "At the Sign of the Burning Bush" and "A Woman on the Threshold," were published in 1910 and 1911, and not only won golden opinions from the critics but were immediately successful with the public. Miss Little has, happily, had no long struggle for recognition. Her first printed article appeared in 1908 in *The Humane Review*, to which she has remained an occasional contributor; she had two stories in the *Daily Chronicle* in 1909, a poem, "The Banshee," in the *Spectator* for January, 1910, and has won prizes for short stories in the London Quill Club, of which she is a member. She has already made considerable progress with her fourth novel, a study of middle-class life, the scene of which is laid in Glasgow, though the characters are chiefly Irish. She herself is of Irish extraction, but her home has always been in Glasgow.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, whose new book of poems, "Emblems of Love," is published by Mr. John Lane, has had an education which has been more scientific than poetical. His first volume of poems was published some year or so ago by the same publisher, but he has more recently issued two little volumes as a private venture and says that the results show that, with intelligent method, poetry can easily find a profitable market nowadays. He is at present engaged on a poetical drama that will deal poetically with the lives of ordinary folk, and bring out the romance that is inherent in everyday events. He has lately completed a book of metaphysical Pyrrhonism in the form of dialogues that are chiefly fantastic in form, and this will be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker.

For assistance with the general illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Foulis, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Mr. John Murray.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best alphabet after the manner of "A was an Archer who shot at a frog," concerning itself with any well-known living author, the names of his books, their and his leading characteristics, and so forth.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss GWENDOLINE JONES, of 2, Mirador Villas, Uplands, Swansea, for the following:

AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY. BY G. BRONSON HOWARD.

"To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do."
W. S. GILBERT, *Princess Ida.*

We also select for printing:

THE HUMAN CRY. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Methuen.)

"Had I but plenty of money; money enough and to spare."
Browning, *Up at a Villa,—down in the City.*

(Miss M. Waller, 12, Buckingham Road, North Watford, Herts.).

THE HUMAN CRY.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
Thos. Morton, *Speed the Plough.*

(Rosie Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth.)

"The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick.'"
Lewis Carroll, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*

(Richard Goodfellow, 4, Morehampton Road, Dublin.)

THE DRUNKARD. By Guy Thorne.

"There was a door to which I found no key."
Omar Khayyam's *Rubáiyát.*

(Violet L. Watkin, The Raven, Flint, North Wales.)

NO SURRENDER. Constance E. Maud. (Duckworth.)

"For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."
Chevy Chase.

(Miss M. Hurlbutt, Queensferry Hall, Queensferry, Chester.)

A SOCIETY MOTHER. By Edmund Bosanquet. (John Long.)

"At every word a reputation dies."
Pope, *Rape of the Lock.*

(Miss H. R. Wood, Glenlyon, Harrow.)

II.—We are dividing the Prize for the best new Nursery Rhyme, and are sending Two New Books to Miss Florence M. Wilson, of The Greenan, Ballyholme, Bangor, Co. Down; and Two New Books to Mr. C. M. Walkerdine, of 32, Crompton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following:

"I looked out at my Lady Moon,
Out of my mother's house,
And oh! she stepped in her milk-white shoon,
As soft as a peeping mouse!
But though she travels so far, so far,
She'll have to turn back again,—
And lock her door with a silver star,
And hide from the wind and the rain."
Florence M. Wilson.

"Little Miss Pretty-toes,
What would you do,
If your shoes should wear out,
And your toes should come through?
"Count them all gaily,
From one up to ten;
Then run to the cobbler's
For new shoes again." C. M. Walkerdine.

We also specially commend the Nursery Rhymes sent in by Olivia Connolly (Brockley), N. Brown (North Shields), H. A. Cole (Newtownards), Miss E. Close (Hove), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Miss F. Briggs (Crown Hill), Miss A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), H. Caby (Fordham), L. White (West Ham), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), R. H. Evans (Constantinople), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Ethel M. Odell (Forest Gate), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), L. Port (Clapton), M. A. Newman (Badingham), R. S. Wyatt (Victoria Park), E. M. Karn (Gloucester), Miss Porter (Ipswich), Miss G. D. Moore (Bolton), John A. Scott (Hampstead), Phyllis Morris (Hove), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), T. Gibson (Bolton), Rev. T. A. Lindsay (Inverness), Miss M. M. Nicholson (Bridlington), Raymond Taunton (Coventry), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Vivian Ford (Clifton), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), George K. Grice (Alnwick), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mrs. Alice Binks (Westoe), Hester Travers Smith (Dublin), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), George Stanton (Leicester), Hilda M. Dowden (Dublin), Sarah Edmunds Bell (Dublin), Evelyn Perres (Ramsgate), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Muresyn Appleby (Southend), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Miss S. M. Northcott (West Kirby), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Marion Burd (Solihull), Miss E. Browne (Royston), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Miss B. M. Bennett (E. Southsea), S. C. Smith (New Cross), L. M. Wagstaff (Leighton Buzzard), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), F. W. Lawfield (Sawston), J. Donald Malcom (Bacup), Mrs. J. E. M. Featherstonehaugh (Rotherfield), L. A. Spilsbury (Hoylake), E.M.E. (Nottingham), Miss B. M. Wiglesworth (Sandhurst), Miss E. L. Conyers (Ben Rhydding).

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, of 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

FELLOW PRISONERS. By R. K. Weekes. (Alston Rivers.)

This book grips one from the start; indeed, the end of Chapter I. is as dramatic as anything we have read for long. The author evidently knows prison life and routine well, and writes with insight. The story is in fugue, and is admirably managed. The crippled villain is drawn with restraint, as, indeed, are all the characters, except Sybil Lenanton, the Girton don, who remains to the end, an extremely unconvincing figure. The style is excellent, the dialogue crisp and not too clever, and the interest is sustained to the last page. Certainly a book to read and remember.

Other good reviews received are:

THE BELLE OF SANTIAGO. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin seems imbued with a spirit of true romance. "The Belle of Santiago" is a worthy successor to his other novels, both in delicacy of treatment and ingenuity of plot. The latter is out of the ordinary yet not wholly confined to the realms of fancy. The story, with its refreshing absence of present-day worldliness, has great charm; the atmosphere of romance which pervades the book, the passionate love of Señorita Mercedes, the honourable selfless devotion of Don Lopez, and the delightful union of Antony's son and Mercedes' daughter cannot fail to give pleasure to the twentieth century reader.

(Dorothy Smith, 78, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.)

TANTE. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Edwin Arnold.)

A masterly study of a musical genius of superficial charm, but appalling selfishness. Mrs. Sedgwick is to be congratulated upon the manner in which she has portrayed, with unfailing conviction, the fascination and villainy, yet withal pitifulness, of her heroine, entirely avoiding that irritating, though common, fault of continually thrusting before her readers the particular "points" of her story. Perhaps the infantile simplicity of Karen—who shares the post of heroine with her guardian—is a little wearying, but in Mrs. Talcott we have a perfect and unique picture of patient faithfulness, and in Gregory a fine specimen of straightforward manliness.

(Margery Wilkins, Uttoxeter.)

DAN RUSSEL THE FOX. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Methuen.)

If it were not that the authors definitely say there is no such thing, we should have classed this book as a sporting novel. Sport and fiction run side by side through the tale, converging at critical moments. The most praiseworthy feature is the character drawing. John Michael is the exact contrast to his step-brother the M.F.H.; Mrs. Delanty is the usual clever widow who hunts for both foxes and a husband. Fanshawe, again, is the customary quarry of such, with money and no brains. But the heroine, Katharine, is altogether charming. We should like another "episode" in her life.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

Of the numerous other reviews sent in (several of which are as good as some we have printed), we particulary commend those of E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss Bond (Pinner), Alice Mullins (Hampstead), M. A. Newman (Badingham), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Florence Karn (Gloucester), Miss A. S. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), I. Harrison (Bristol), William F. Robinson (Cambridge), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Naomi Isaac (Hove), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), J. Ewance Griffiths (Warrington), Vivien Ford (Bristol), George Stanton (Leicester).

IV.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" is awarded to Mrs. H. H. Penrose, of Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1st to March 1st, 1912.

Messrs. George Allen & Co. (Incorporating Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.)

AUDSLEY, DR. G. C.—Amateur Joinery. No. 3 of Allen's Technical and Art Manuals. 4s. 6d. net.
BINGHAM, DR.—Words to Wives. 3s. 6d. net.
BURTON, LT.-COL. R. G.—Napoleon's Campaigns in Italy. No. 15 in Special Campaign Series. 5s. net.
COX, REV. J. CHARLES, LL.D., F.S.A.—The Churches of Cornwall. No. 5 of County Church Series. 2s. 6d. net.
DURANT, WM. SCOTT.—Chaucer Redivivus. 6d. net.
FOGERTY, MISS ELSIE.—Love's Labour Lost. Adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. Words only, 6d. net; Costume Edition, 2s. 6d. net.
SEWELL, ROBERT.—Indian Chronography. 31s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

MOSES, BELLE.—Charles Dickens: A Study of the Life of the great Novelist in relation to his Girl Heroines and his appeal to Girl Readers. 3s.
NORTH, S. N. D., LL.D. (Editor).—The American Year Book for 1911. 15s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—South London: Completing the Survey of London. 30s. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

CALLWELL, J. M.—Old Irish Life. 10s. net.
FORREST, G. W., C.I.E.—History of the Indian Mutiny. Vol. III. 20s. net.
LINDSAY, REV. JAMES, D.D.—New Essays: Literary and Philosophical. 6s. net.
LINDSAY, REV. JAMES, D.D.—Literary Essays. 3s. 6d. net.
MACLEOD, OLIVE.—Sultans and Cities of Central Africa. Profusely Illustrated.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

ANSELL, MARY.—The Happy Garden. 6s. net.
AYRES, RUBY M.—Castles in Spain. 6s.
BARKER, ALDRED F., M.Sc., and PRIESTLEY, E.—Wool Carding and Combing. 5s. net.
COULEVAIN, PIERRE DE.—The Heart of Life. 6s.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Woman of Babylon. 1s. net.
MACKAY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE.—The House of Windows. 6s.
ORCZY, BARONESS.—Lady Molly. 1s. net.
PAIN, BARRY.—Exit Eliza. 1s. net.
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Body of His Desire. 6s.
PRYCE, GWENDOLEN.—A Long Shadow. 6s.
ROBERTS, REV. RICHARD.—The Renascence of Faith. 6s.
THOMAS, H. H.—The Complete Gardener. 10s. 6d. net.
TOWNSEND, GEORGE A.—Practical Rabbit-Keeping. 3s. 6d. net.
WATSON, MRS. HELEN H.—The Open Valley. 6s.
WOTTON, MISS MABEL E.—H. B. Irving. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

AUDOUX, MARGUERITE.—Valserine. 6s.
COKE, DESMOND.—The Cure: a Psychologic Farce. 6s.
HAMEL, FRANK.—The Lady of Beauty. 15s. net.
O'KANE, W. M.—The King's Luck. 6s.
ROGERS, SIR JOHN.—Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland. 7s. 6d. net.
STRIGIENSKI, CASIMIR.—The Daughter of Louis XV. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—George Borrow. 10s. 6d. net.
YOUNG, ERNEST.—Finland, the Land of a Thousand Lakes. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BENHAM, MARION AYESHA.—The Truth about a Nunnery: The Story of Five Years in a Paris Convent School. 6s.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Leonora: A Novel. Cheap Edition, 2s. net.
FITZGERALD, PERCY.—Borwell's Autobiography. With 8 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
HYATT, ALFRED H. Illustrated in Colour by HAROLD SUND.—The Charm of Venice. A New Edition. Illustrated. 5s. net.
PERRIN, ALICE.—Idolatry: A Novel. Cheap Edition. 2s. net.
STERNE, LAURENCE. Illustrated by T. H. ROBINSON.—A Sentimental Journey. Cheap Edition. 2s. net and 3s. net.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Records of a Family of Engineers. 6s.
STONE, CHRISTOPHER.—The Shoe of a Horse: A Romance. 6s.
SYRETT, NETTA.—The Endless Journey, etc.: Stories. 6s.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

FARNELL, LEWIS, D.Litt.—Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Sketch of Mesopotamian, Anatolian, and Hellenic Religions. 7s. 6d.
SMITH, PROFESSOR J., M.P., WARD, W. H., D.D., LL.D., and BEWER, PROFESSOR J. A.—Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Joel (International Critical Commentary.) 12s. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

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SOME DESULTORY NOTES.

By B. W. Matz.

THE literary atmosphere of the last few months has been permeated with Dickens. Readers of every nationality have been turning to his books again—some persons have made acquaintance with them for the first time. In the process one has come across a Philistine or two, who, being of the latter category and having chosen the story of "Oliver Twist" to start with, has exhibited in his conversation a burning desire to "tick it off" in a twelve-line review after the present fashion of criticising novels, half-read and undigested. Such a judge is quite satisfied with himself if he has discovered a few faults in the construction of the story, and having entirely overlooked the many qualities which have made it the great book it is, he presumes to stand aghast at the novelist's popularity, and to wonder how it was ever attained. He is not really serious; a little pedantic perhaps, as befits the modern manner, but easily and willingly forgiven, and perhaps as easily convinced that the test of time is after all the best, the absolute touchstone of greatness.

Photo by Ben Gurney, New York.

Charles Dickens, 1868.

Speaking generally the books of Dickens—almost all of them—have stood this final test, and although there may be—indeed we know there are—certain readers who say that they do not care for them, as there are persons who have yet to learn the fascination of golf or the pleasure of eating asparagus, it is an indisputable fact that the reverse is the prevalent and popular opinion, and the fact remains that Dickens's books have never lost their hold on the English-speaking race, or for the matter of that upon any other race into whose language they have been translated. His reputation as the most popular novelist in the history of literature is, at the moment of the celebration of the centenary of his birth, actually at its highest, with no indication of its being sullied in the immediate future.

There have been in the past those, who, whilst admiring his greatness at the time, have predicted an eventual eclipse of his genius. The case of the critic in the *Quarterly Review* in 1837, who, speaking of Dickens's undoubted qualities at that time, predicted that, having gone up like a rocket, he would come down like a stick, will be remembered. On the other hand, an American critic said sixty years ago, in remarking how solidly Dickens's reputation was established, that "the deluge of swashy literature may pass over it, the wind's shallow waves of changing fashion, or superstition, or politics, without shaking it; because it is founded on a rock. . . . In short, the works of this author . . . shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond."

To-day we know the truth: posterity has inherited the treasure of his books, and on the brink of the centenary of his birth no one denies posterity's right, even if some cavil at it.

For many months past all eyes have been fixed on the day—February 7th, 1912—particularly those of the student and enthusiast: and it had been hoped that the anniversary would see permanently established in London something of a practical nature and value connected with Dickens's name, such as one of his London homes secured to the nation, as Shakespeare's at Stratford, Carlyle's in Chelsea, or Scott's at Abbotsford; and the present writer expressed a hope in the pages of The Bookman for November, 1910, that some such scheme might be consummated this year. But other schemes have taken the place in the public eye which such a scheme required, and so we have had to bow our heads and wait awhile.

However, whether or not the year of Dickens's centenary comes and goes, leaving nothing behind of a tangible form as a connecting link between his greatness and his association with his own great city, there is every indication that the nation is proud of its heritage, and that so unexampled a genius will retain the affection

John Dickens.

Father of the Novelist. From a painting by John W. Gilbert, in the possession of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.

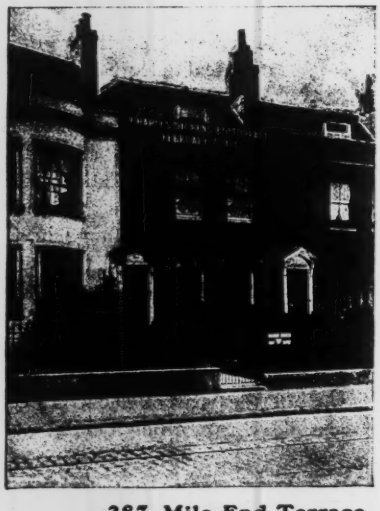
Elizabeth Dickens.

Mother of the Novelist. From a painting by John W. Gilbert, in the possession of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.

and regard of his countrymen, not merely as its premier novelist, but as one of its most notable men.

There is no intention in these few words to attempt to estimate the comparative value of Dickens or of his books as an asset of the nation. That has been done so often and so ably in volume after volume, and all the pages of THE BOOKMAN are not available to us, even were we bold enough to make the attempt. Nor is there a single phase even of their many-sided variety that could be approached with the hope of saying anything that has not been said before, although it is possible (as the monthly publication of a contemporary proves) to be continually adding fresh light to various incidents in his books and life, topographically, bibliographically, and pictorially. But avoiding the temptation to select some phase which might only appeal to the student, and be of interest only to him of the meticulous mind, it may be more appropriate to glance at the more generally attractive features of Dickens's life and personality as they are revealed in his books.

Most novelists, we presume, adapt certain incidents from their own lives to certain requirements of their novels. The creation of a character has its genesis in someone they have known or have met, and the more the writer is endowed with the imaginative genius, the more he elaborates and embroiders upon the fabric of his own observation. The fact that Dickens had this power to a greater extent than most men is not to be taken as indicating that he was in any sense a copyist rather than a great creative genius, but that he realised better than other writers that Nature, human or otherwise, was the truest and most permanently valuable material for his purpose, because it is universal. He not only saw with an eye and realised with a mind abnormal in their quality but he placed on record what he saw and conceived in character and scenes, in such a manner as to make the reader see and conceive as clearly and as vividly as he had done.



387, Mile End Terrace, Portsmouth,
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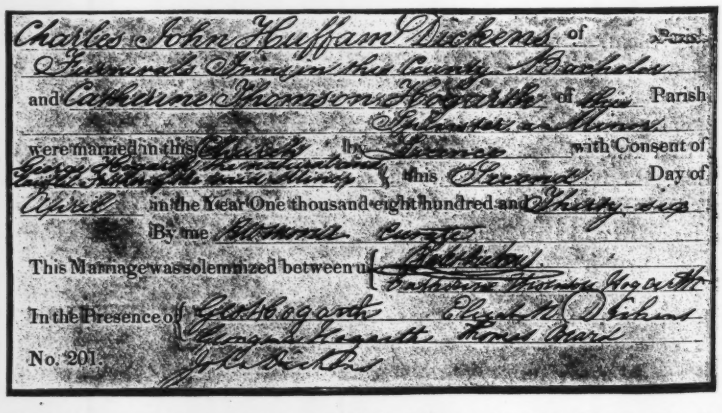
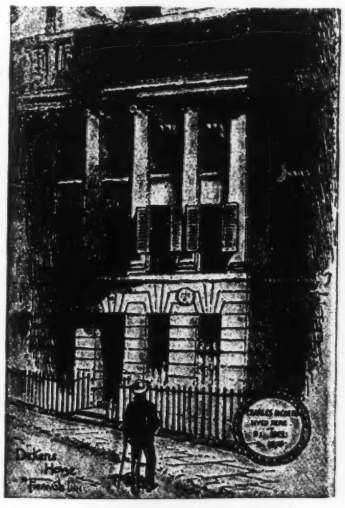


Reduced facsimile of Marriage Certificate of Charles Dickens and Catherine Thomson Hogarth.

He had this power when a lad, and it matured as years went on. In his first sketches the art of dramatising, so to speak, incidents of his childhood days at Chatham came naturally to him. The people he met there when only eight or nine years of age furnished him with models, as incidents of their lives furnished him with action. And when he became a young man in a business office, he found material for other sketches, of which "Making a Night of it" is but one instance. Those who have read his letters to his friend Kolle will find how faithfully the environment of those days is conveyed into the "Sketches," whilst the prototype for this sketch referred to will be easily discovered.

And so on through all his books the same thing occurs. In some cases his portraiture of friends and acquaintances, such as Squeers, Skimpole, Boythorn, Miss Mowcher, caused him some uneasiness for the pains he had taken. But when he put himself into his books it mattered to no one at the time because no one knew. Yet he is in many of his own books. The most notable and lifelike, of course, is "David Copperfield." Here we have, on his own evidence, given to his friend Forster, certain details of his life as boy and young man pathetically and dramatically pictured for us. David's career is not, of course, a minute account of Dickens's early experience, but phases of David's life are identical with phases in the life of Dickens.

Charles Dickens
in 1840, when he was writing "The Old Curiosity Shop." From a painting by R. J. Lane in the possession of His Majesty the King.



Dickens's Chambers in Furnival's Inn, 1836-7.
Drawn by F. G. Kitton.
Dickens was living here when he began to write "Pickwick," and it was here that Thackeray called with proposals to illustrate it.

The blacking-factory period of his life is reflected in the similar period of Copperfield's, with the wine-bottle trade substituted for the blacking-bottle trade, and we know that the novelist loathed his post as much as Copperfield did his. But although he kept his secret from his own family and friends until years after Dickens did not hesitate to introduce it into his books. How this early period of his suffering boyhood affected him, and how accurately it is described in fiction, is as familiar as are the details of the real history told in his biography. Forster did not hesitate to give them to the world as told him by the novelist, because nothing could better exemplify the courage and fortitude of his friend, or show what a noble character and genius had emanated from hardship and incredibly uncongenial discouragements. When one thinks of it all, and realizes how Dickens brought himself by his own determination to be one of the greatest men of his age, one can see how easily, without heroism, his genius might have been snuffed out.

Without such strong will his life and character must have been different. The experiences of his early days affected him throughout his career, and many times in his other books we find his thoughts have drifted back to Hungerford Stairs, although he confesses to a horror of going near the place, and studied to avoid it. Take the following passage describing Clennam: "A man who had, deep-rooted in his nature, a belief in all the gentle and good things his life had been without. Bred in meanness and hard dealing, this had rescued him to be a man of honourable mind and open hand. Bred in coldness and severity, this had rescued him to have a warm and sympathetic heart. Bred in a creed too darkly audacious to pursue, this had rescued him to judge not, and in humility to be

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

48, Doughty Street,
where Dickens lived 1837–9. Here he finished writing "Pickwick" and wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

merciful, and have hope and charity." This is but the recollection of his own trials coming vividly into his mind, with the added joy and satisfaction in the knowledge that good could come from such a life.

Nor did he confine his personal touches to his own career. We have pictures of the domestic troubles of his father, the interlude in the Marshalsea Prison and the whole struggle for existence of the family in those grey days, presented in his masterpiece, not in dull narrative, but with the magic of a romantic story exhibiting all its attendant humour and pathos — real in itself, yet with its actual reality veiled.

The Four Elder Children of Charles Dickens—Charlie, Mamie, Katie and Wally—with "Grip" the raven.

From a drawing by Maclise in 1842.

In the same book we get his first love affair glowingly described in Copperfield's love for Dora, for we know from his own lips that there was a Dora in his real life, and the recent publication of the letters which passed between them have further revealed the details of this youthful love affair. He refers to it again in an article entitled "Gone to the Dogs" in *Household Words*, where he speaks of "his bright-eyed Araminta (with the obdurate parents)—the inheritance I myself entered on at nineteen years of age." This bright-eyed Araminta became, as we all know, on renewed acquaintance many years later,

Mr. Winkle goes a-hunting.

From "The Pickwick Papers." Illustrated by Charles Pears. (Waverley Book Co.)

Silas Wegg at his Stall near Mr. Boffin's house.

From "Our Mutual Friend." Illustrated by Charles Pears. (Waverley Book Co.)

and after considerable remodelling, Flora in "Little Dorrit," whilst Clennam, as we have hinted, doubtless possessed many traits of the novelist's own character.

We have suggested that many of the "Sketches by Boz" are but incidents of his early days both at Chatham and during his youthful apprenticeship as a solicitor's clerk, and we know how much of his experiences found their way into the "Pickwick Papers." His schooldays and school-fellows are faithfully made history in "Our School," his reporting escapades have furnished him with many a chapter and exciting story, and his family and friends were used as models, such as his father as Mr. Micawber, his mother as Mrs. Nickleby, his sister as Mrs. Gargery, his sister's little son as Tiny Tim, Mrs. Roylance as Mrs. Pipchin, and scores of others. In his own weekly paper, *Household Words*, he frequently contributed an autobiographical chapter in the shape of a sketch or story. Two occur to me at the moment, entitled respectively "Gone Astray" and "New Year's Day," both dealing with his boyhood, the former relating how he was lost in London, and the wonderful things he saw during the time, the second telling how he was taken out to see the Soho Bazaar by "a grim and unsympathetic old personage of the female gender," whom he refers to later as Mrs. Pipchin. This paper forms a delightful sketch which was, as he suggests, founded on fact "to the best of my remembrance and self-examination of the past."

But perhaps the member of his family who figured in and influenced certain of his writings most was his wife's girl-sister, Mary Hogarth, whose early death dealt him such an irreparable blow. She was but seventeen when she died suddenly soon after he went to live at Doughty Street, and whilst he was writing "The Pickwick Papers." So terrible was the crushing blow to him, and so utterly prostrated was he, that a part of his immortal book had to be postponed in consequence. She had endeared herself to him by her sweetness of nature "even more," as we have been told, "than by graces of person," and she had made herself an ideal in his life. And throughout his career, he used her amiable good nature as the model for such characters as Rose Maylie, Little Nell, and more than one other of his charming young women, and never seemed to let her pure nature out of his memory. In his letters to Forster he refers to the subject of her death more than once as years rolled by. On one particular occasion when abroad he describes a vision he had, in which he saw her and recognized her voice and "knew it was poor Mary's spirit"; and on another, he reminds his friend that "this day eleven years poor dear Mary died." There can indeed be no doubt that the loss of his "dear friend and companion" affected him greatly, and inspired many of the affectionate and gentle thoughts of young life which are to be found in his books.

Charles Dickens in his Study at Gads Hill.
Except for the addition of the figure of Dickens, this is evidently a copy of Sir Luke Fildes' famous painting, "The Empty Chair."

One might enlarge upon the theme that the books of Dickens contain not only cameos of his own life and that of his friends and family, but, as will be seen from the article which follows this, pictures of the places he knew and loved. Wherever the novelist found himself, either on a holiday or business journey, there he found material for his books, and such material has become far more living and real, and far more valuable for creating and establishing the atmosphere of the world he knew, than any minute description of history. It is in this way that we have got to know the novelist with so personal an intimacy, and have become so well acquainted with all his doings and all the places and scenes of his books. He aimed through all his writings at securing the confidence and respect of his readers. He wrote to please them first, and he wrote of those things and people whom they could understand. And therein, like Shakespeare, his books have the universal appeal, and like him also, because "he does not depict men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men."

The following words which Dickens puts into the mouth of David Copperfield when the latter is struggling for a livelihood as an author, may be taken to express the thoughts of the novelist himself:

"In pursuance of my intention of referring to my own fictions, only when their course should incidentally connect itself with the progress of my story, I do not enter on the aspirations, the delights, anxieties, and triumphs of my art. That I truly devoted myself to it with my strongest earnestness and bestowed upon it every energy of my soul, I have already said. If the books I have written be of any worth, they will supply the rest. I shall otherwise have written to poor purpose, and the rest will be of interest to no one."

It is unnecessary to ask if the books of Dickens are of worth. Posterity has decided for us.

"I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto," was the novelist's own memorable utterance. No expressed desire of any great man has ever been more completely realised.

XUM

CHARLES DICKENS AND LONDON.

I.

ALTHOUGH born in Portsmouth Charles Dickens may be said to have been essentially a Londoner. His father brought him to the city when he was but two years of age, and for a very brief period they lived at 10, Norfolk Street (now Cleveland Street) by the side of the Middlesex Hospital, when an appointment in Chatham took the family there. In 1823 they again returned to London, and took up their residence at 16, Bayham Street, Camden Town. From this time onward until Charles Dickens acquired Gad's Hill Place in Kent in 1860 he resided in London, leaving it only for either holiday purposes, or in search of new environment and change in writing his books.

That he loved London is but half truth. London with all its alluring associations of men, places and things was to him a sheer fascination. It became and remained a part of his very existence. He would walk about its streets for hours as a relief from work, always "seeing many little things, and some great things, which because they interest me," he says, in the preface to the "Uncommercial Traveller," "I think may interest others." And when away from it he pined and longed for it, as for instance when he was in Genoa working on his Christmas book, "The Chimes." Writing to a friend he says, "I seem as if I had plucked myself out of my proper soil when I left Devonshire Terrace; and could take root no more until I return to it. . . . Did I tell you how many fountains we have here? No matter. If they played Nector, they would not please me half so well as the West Middlesex water-works at Devonshire Terrace." He craved for the London streets, and so missed the long night-walks before beginning anything, that he seemed, as he said, dumbfounded without them. "Put me down at Waterloo Bridge at eight o'clock in the evening, with leave to roam about as long as I like, and I would come home, as you know, panting to go on. I am sadly strange as it is, and can't settle."

Charles Dickens at the age of 39 (1842).

From a painting by Francis Alexander, of Boston, U.S.A.

"The artist's rooms were at No. 41, Tremont Row. . . . The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen eagerly awaiting his [Dickens's] appearance. . . . The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back again to the Tremont; and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture."—From "Charles Dickens in America," by W. Glyde Wilkins (Chapman & Hall).

Many such outbursts of desire for his beloved London came from him when away from it; its streets were as a lodestone to him. He knew London as perhaps no other person knew it, and there is scarcely a story, long or short, written by him, that does not exhibit his knowledge with loving accuracy. Indeed his novels are great prose epics of London, mirroring its life and manners in characters and scenes.

And so London of his day has come to be known as Dickens's London, with houses, streets and places made memorable by his facile pen as Dickensian landmarks.

The houses he lived in himself and in which his masterpieces were conceived and written have the first interest.

10, Norfolk Street, where his family lived from 1814–16, and 16, Bayham Street, Camden Town, the first London abode which has any vital association with the novelist's early life, have been referred to. The latter was a small house of the cottage type, and not, as Forster described it, "a small mean tenement." It was demolished a few months back, but it played so touching a part in the boyhood of Dickens that one laments its loss. The lad occupied a small garret in the house, and no doubt it is that one described in "David Copperfield" as the room occupied by its hero when lodging with the Micawbers. "My room," says little David, "was at the top of the house at the back—a close chamber, stencilled all over with an ornament which my young imagination represented as a blue muffin, and very scantily furnished." The description fitted it admirably when I visited it prior to its demolition, except so far as the "blue muffins" were concerned, the absence of which a witty member of the party accounted for, by suggesting that Time had had them for tea long long ago.

From here Dickens began to acquire his knowledge of London and its types, and in this very room he no doubt pondered over those first real beginnings of authorship which he thought "so clever" but which he was too nervous to show anyone. When later he conceived that wonderful "Christmas Carol" this very house must have been in his mind for it exactly tallied with the home of the Cratchits, even to the outhouse in the back garden where the pudding was boiled in the copper that famous Christmas. Bob, it will be remembered, lived in Camden Town, and it is curious, too, to notice that, with few exceptions, Dickens's own residences until he finally deserted London for his favourite Kent, were within a short radius of this particular spot.

From Bayham Street the family took rooms in a larger house at 4 Gower Street, North, likewise demolished, where the novelist's mother made that courageous effort to start a school as a solution to the falling family fortunes. But notwithstanding the fact that little Charles, as he has told us "left at a great many doors a great many circulars, nobody ever came to the school . . . nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or

10, Norfolk (now Cleveland) Street, Fitzroy Square,
where Dickens lived, 1814–16.

16, Bayham Street, Camden Town,
where Dickens lived, 1823–24.

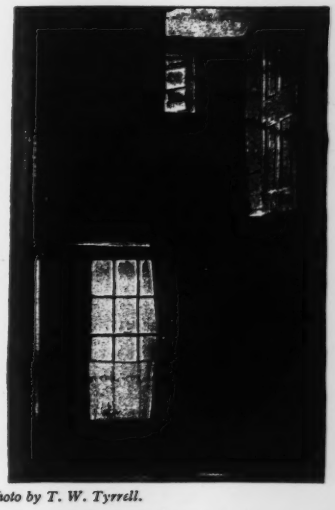


Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

The little back garret in Bayham Street.

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

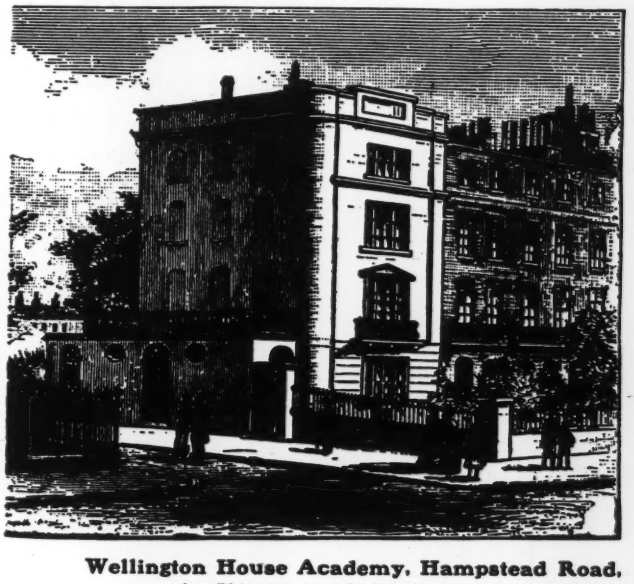
The Blacking Warehouse, 3, Chandos St., Covent Garden.

that the least preparation was made to receive anybody." This failure necessitated another removal and the family went to live with Mrs. Roylance at 37, Little College Street, still in Camden Town. Things went from bad to worse, and shortly after, the novelist's father succumbed to the rigour of the law and removed to the Debtor's prison in the Borough.

During this period little Charles, then at work in the blacking warehouse in Hungerford Market, lodged in a house in Lant Street, Borough, to be near his parents. It was in Lant Street that Bob Sawyer lived, and its dismal aspect was humorously pictured by the novelist in narrating the story of the famous party Bob gave to his friends. Released from the Marshalsea prison, John Dickens and family returned to Mrs. Roylance in Little College Street, thence in 1825 removed to 13, Johnson Street, Somers Town, N.W. Here they remained for five years, and the fortune of the family having improved, Charles was taken from his uncongenial work and sent again to school—the Wellington House Academy in the Hampstead Road—which school he so minutely

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

Little College Street (now College Place), Camden Town,
where Dickens lived, 1824–25.



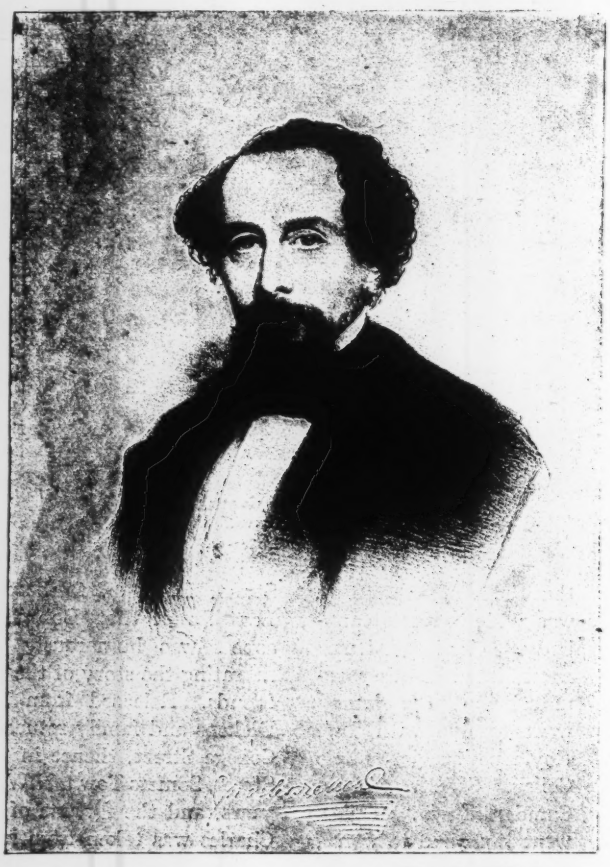
Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road,
where Dickens went to school in 1824.

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

Lant Street, Borough,
where Dickens lodged, 1825, whilst his father was a prisoner for debt in the neighbouring Marshalsea.

described in "Our School" many years after. The Johnson Street house exists to-day and has recently been honoured with a County Council tablet announcing the fact that it was once the residence of Charles Dickens.

The next few years of the novelist's life do not receive very minute attention of his biographer, John Forster, but recent researches reveal the fact that after leaving Johnson Street, his father lodged in a house in the Polygon, Somers Town, during 1829, and then took lodgings in Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square. The exact house in this street has not so far been traced, but the publication in America of the correspondence between Dickens and Marie Beadnell and of his letters to his friend Kolle, prove that he lived there from 1830 to 1833, for many of the letters are dated from Fitzroy Street, each, however, devoid of a number. These were the days when he was a lawyer's clerk, and incidentally a young lover. But that is another story.



Charles Dickens.
From a drawing by Baugniet.] (1858.)

In 1833 his family moved to 18, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, again as lodgers, and there is a significant interest attached to the house, for during its occupancy Charles Dickens entered the House of Commons as a reporter, and first blossomed out as an author. It is also evident that at this time Charles Dickens left the family hearth and took lodgings for himself, for it is on record that he resided for a period in Cecil Street, and probably also in Buckingham Street, Strand. The description of David Copperfield's chambers, under the care of Mrs. Crupp, in the latter street, may possibly be recollections of his own in either or both of these streets. He had by this time determined on a literary career, and anticipating success he took more commodious chambers in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, in 1835, where he wrote most of his "Sketches by Boz" and "Pickwick Papers." It was whilst here that he took to himself a wife. He rented lodgings at 11, Selwood Terrace, Fulham, for a few weeks, necessary to the marriage being consummated at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. The honeymoon was spent at Chalk, a village in Kent, and the couple returned to Furnival's Inn, where they remained until 1837. In that year 48, Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square, was rented, where it may be said the novelist and his wife started their first home. Here he completed "The Pickwick Papers," wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

In 1839 he moved to a larger house at 1, Devonshire Terrace and remained there until 1851, during which period were written "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Haunted Man." From here he made brief changes for holiday and other reasons, staying on different occasions at 4, Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham, 1838; Wylde's Farm, Hampstead, 1839; and Elm Cottage, Petersham, 1839; at Cobley's Farm, Finchley, 1843; 9, Osnaburgh Terrace, Euston Road, 1844; and

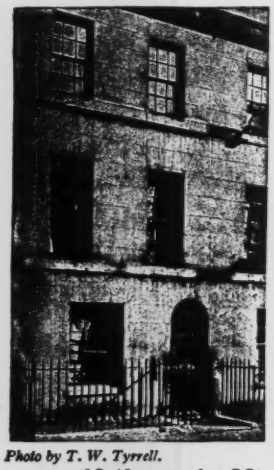
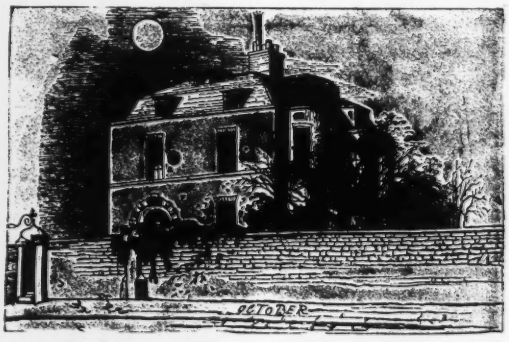


Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.
13 (formerly 29), Johnson Street, Somers Town,
where Dickens lived, 1825–29

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.
18, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square,
where Dickens lived, 1833–34.



1, Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone Road,
where Dickens lived, 1839–51.
From a sketch by Daniel Maclise.

1, Chester Place, Regent's Park, 1847. In 1851 he moved to his new residence Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, remaining there until 1860 when Gad's Hill Place, which he so admired in his early days, and so desired for a residence, became vacant. He at once purchased it and lived there until his death.

At Tavistock House were wholly or partly written "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Great Expectations," and here, too, many of the famous amateur theatrical performances in which he took so keen a delight were enacted.

At Gad's Hill the rest of the novelist's work was conceived, and the last page of "Edwin Drood" written.

It is not in the scope of this article to deal with his residences outside of London.

As we have suggested he frequently left his home for a short period for change of environment to finish certain scenes in books or to create new ideas, and during his tenure of Gad's Hill he would take a house for the London season, bringing his work with him. These houses naturally have an interest for the reason that certain portions of his books were written in them although they cannot be rightly called his homes.

They are as follows: 5, Hanover Terrace, N.W., 1861; 16, Hyde Park Gate, W., 1862; 57, Gloucester Place, W., 1864; 16, Somers Place, W., 1865; 6, Southwick Place, W., 1866; 5, Hyde Park Place, W., 1870.

This latter was his last London residence. He came there in January for his last readings at St. James's Hall and remained until the 30th May when he returned to Gad's Hill. It was at this address the greater part of "Edwin Drood" was written and where he read the parts as they were finished to his friends. The actual last page was penned in the châlet in the garden of Gad's Hill.

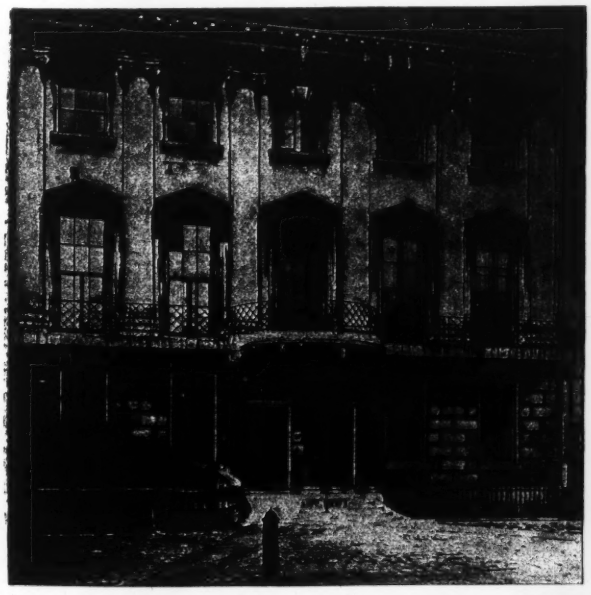


Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **58, Lincoln's Inn Fields,** where John Forster lived.

Forster says, in the "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall): "He saw his little book ["The Chimes"] in its final form for publication; and to a select few brought together on Monday the 2nd of December [1844] had the opportunity of reading it aloud." Among the select few were Douglas Jerrold and Carlyle. Forster's rooms, where this reading took place, were the originals of Tulkinghorn's chambers in "Bleak House."

John Forster.
From an engraving by C. H. Jeens.

II.

G. A. Sala, himself an authority on London, once described himself as encountering Dickens in the oddest of places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliffe Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. "A hansom" he said, "whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there he was, striding, as with seven league boots, seemingly in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lisson Grove, and you met him steadily plodding towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way down the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

This is probably no exaggeration of what really happened, and throughout all his books we find the fruit of these pleasurable exertions. I suppose there is no part of London or of what were its suburbs in his time, that is not associated in some way with his books. Houses, streets, hotels, effigies, pumps, monuments, have become familiar to us through that association and have added glory to existences which otherwise would never have been noticed at all. In this way it may be said that Dickens discovered London for the Londoner, and has made him acquainted with its streets quite as much as he has made him acquainted with persons who walk them.

XUM

Hablot K. Browne,
"Phiz,"
who succeeded Seymour as illustrator of "Pickwick," and illustrated ten other of the novels.

If we start from any point in the metropolis we immediately come in contact with a Dickensian landmark. The City itself has many. The Guildhall where the Bardell and Pickwick case was tried; Bevis Marks, the home of Sampson Brass, which immediately conjures up the picture of the Marchioness and Dick Swiveller and also reminds us that the "Red Lion Inn" patronised by the said Richard, was on the opposite side of the way, so that having found the inn the position of Sampson Brass's home can be fixed. We can stroll into St. Mary Axe and see the kind of house that Riah lived in as manager of Pubsey & Co., with an elaborately-laid-out garden on the roof which so attracted the doll's dressmaker. We can take a view of the Little Wooden Midshipman still existing at Messrs. Norrie & Wilson's in the Minories, whose shop in Leadenhall Street had been the original of old Sol. Gill's, and make a special excursion to Aldgate Pump as Mr. Toots did. If time and inclination served, a visit might be made to the scene of the Brick Lane

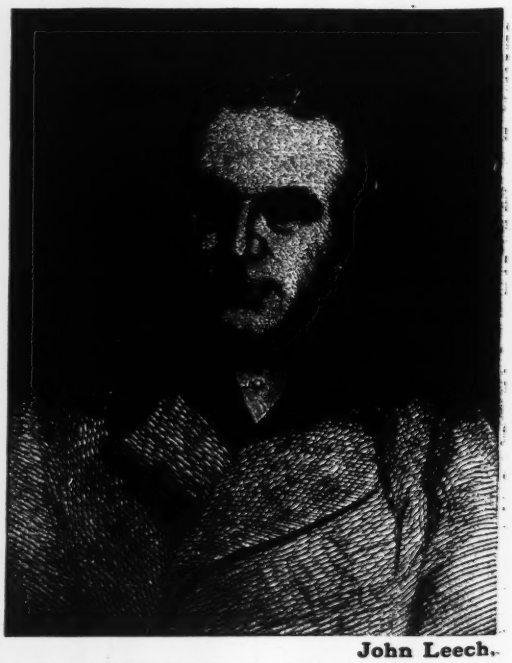
George Cruikshank.
The first illustrator of "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist."

Charles Dickens.
(1859.)
From the painting by W. P. Frith.

Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association in Brick Lane, and to the original of Titbull's almshouses, both down Whitechapel way. Having taken lunch at "The George and Vulture" in George Yard, Lombard Street, where Mr. Pickwick and Sam were "suspended" after the former's *contretemps* with Mrs. Bardell, or at the Albion Hotel in Aldersgate Street, where the dinner to celebrate the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" was given, we would naturally stroll on to Goswell Street

Richard Doyle,
who collaborated with Leech, Maclise and Stanfield in illustrating "The Chimes," etc.

(now Goswell Road) where Mr. Pickwick lodged, and contemplate its situation much as Mr. Pickwick did himself when he threw up his bedroom window on that memorable morning when he and his friends started on their journey. Not far away is the City Road, changed of course in atmosphere from the time when Mr. Micawber



John Leech.
who illustrated "A Christmas Carol" and other of the Christmas books.

lived in Windsor Terrace there. Yet we shall find a pleasure in peeping at it. Retracing our steps towards Holborn, passing through Little Britain, where Mr. Jagger's offices once were and having special thought for Mr. Wemmick, into Smithfield, not "the shameful place . . . all asmear with filth and fat and blood and foam" as Pip found it, we come out facing Newgate Prison. The fact that this is not the Newgate Prison of Dickens's day or of the Gordon Rioters' time matters not. It was on the very spot and very like it in general appearances, and the sight of it will bring to mind the riotous scenes of "Barnaby Rudge" and remind us that Wemmick escorted Pip through its interior and what a depressing scene he found there.

Turning down Snow Hill there will still be found a "Saracen's Head"—closed as I write, but to be re-opened by an enthusiastic Dickensian manufacturer who is to preserve the Nickleby associations with it by decorating its exterior with Dickensian statues, etc. This is not *the* "Saracen's Head" where Mr. Squeers and his pupils foregathered, although the present building stands on part of the old coach yard; but its name and associations inspire the same feelings as the original would have done.

Wandering round about this district, we should come to "that open square in Clerkenwell which is yet called by some strange perversion of terms "The Green," associated with Oliver Twist, Charlie Bates, the Artful Dodger and Mr. Brownlow; to No. 54, Hatton Garden, which was the Police Court presided over by Mr. Fang, the Magistrate, before whom Oliver Twist was brought.

Bleeding Heart Yard still exists, although nothing like Mr. and Mrs. Plornish's residence could be found there.

Charles Dickens.
(1859.)
From a photograph by J. & C. Watkins.

Wandering along Farringdon Street visions of many associations with Pickwick would crowd our thoughts—the old Farringdon Market, the Fleet Prison standing on the site of which is the Memorial Hall where many Dickens celebrations have taken place. Behind is La Belle Sauvage Yard, the one time coaching yard of a famous Inn where Tony Weller as coachman ended and started many a journey.

Wending our way over Blackfriars Bridge, which as Dickens has told us was his way home from the blacking warehouse, we naturally would go "down that turning which has Rowland Hill's Chapel on one side and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door on the other," (both of which landmarks still exist although the former is no longer a chapel); but we would look in vain for the boot-lace shop, the hatters, or the show van with "the fat pig, the wild Indian and the little lady," all of which so fascinated him in those days. However the drab atmosphere will recall all the feelings which these recollections of the novelist brought back to him. We might unconsciously look about as we pass Southwark Bridge, (the "Iron" Bridge of "Little Dorrit,") for the house that the boy in his attempt to conceal his home from Bob Fagin, bade him adieu at, making believe that he lived there. And by easy stages we find ourselves in Lant Street, the very street where a back attic was taken for him. "The little window" he remembered "had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a paradise."

This neighbourhood, with streets named after Quilp, Little Dorrit and Arthur Clennam is a veritable piece of real Dickens-land, having its numerous associations with "Little Dorrit," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver

Mrs. Charles Dickens
(Dickens's wife),
who died in 1879.

Twist," "The Pickwick Papers." Almost opposite Lant Street is St. George's Church where little Dorrit was christened, where she slept in the vestry on one occasion, and where she was eventually married; the site of the Marshalsea Prison of the same book; the public gardens, locally known as Little Dorrit's Play Ground, with the remaining walls of the prison as a background on which is a printed notice informing the world of the fact that the Marshalsea prison was immortalized by Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit"; and at one time John Chivery's shop could be found in Union Road.

The "White Hart Inn" in the Boro', where Sam Weller came from, is of course demolished. But a visit to the "George Inn" will convey to the pilgrim the best idea

Charles Dickens.
(1867.)
From a photograph by Mason & Co.

obtainable in reality of what it was like. And one can still see the steps of London Bridge where Nancy and Mr. Brownlow had that momentous interview. The enthusiast may wander round the Monument with a view of getting the real atmosphere of Mrs. Todger's boarding-house, or try to identify Daniel Quilp's home on Tower Hill.

But there are other places in London to visit less conjectural. The Temple will revive many memories. Pip and his friend Pocket had chambers in Garden Court, to which Magwitch came one night and revealed himself as Pip's unknown benefactor. In Pump Court Tom Pinch was installed as librarian, and Fountain Court is famous as the spot where Ruth Pinch met her lover. Paper Buildings was where Sir John Chester had chambers, as did Mr. Stryver, K.C., whom Sydney Carton served as "Jackal." Just outside the Temple is Essex Street, where Pip found a lodging for his friend Magwitch, and going down it on to the Thames Embankment, through Charing Cross Gardens, we pass the bottom of Buckingham Street where Mrs. Crupp's house once stood, and reach Charing Cross Station, built on the site of old Hungerford Market, where the blacking factory stood, at which Dickens was the drudge. Opposite the station is the Golden Cross Hotel, whose name reminds us of the stirring incident between Mr. Pickwick and the cabman, although the original hotel stood where Nelson's Column now stands. Within a small radius of here Dickens associations and memories throng upon the pilgrim. Down Parliament Street is the "Red Lion" where young David Copperfield gave his "magnificent order" for a glass of the "genuine stunning," an actual incident of Dickens's own life; there is St. Martin's Church on whose steps old Peggotty met David Copperfield that stormy night; Chandos Street, Covent Garden, to which was removed the blacking shop in whose window Dickens sat pasting labels on the pots; Maiden Lane, where he patronised the coffee shop; Covent Garden Market, where he wandered about as a lad, and resorted later to get materials for his books; Hummum's Hotel where Pip slept on a certain notable night,

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.
5, Hyde Park Place,
where Dickens stayed in 1870, whilst he was writing "Edwin Drood."

The Châlet, Gad's Hill.
Forster says, in his "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall): "On the 8th June he passed all the day writing in the Châlet. He came over for luncheon, and, much against his usual custom, returned to his desk." He was taken ill that evening and died the next day, June 9th, 1870.

David Copperfield and Uriah Heep,
as drawn by "Phiz."
From "David Copperfield" (Chapman & Hall).

and Tavistock Hotel where Dickens himself stayed; Broad Court in Drury Lane, where Miss Snevellicci lived, and Tom-All-Alones used to be not far away. Across the Strand there is Osborne's Adelphi Hotel where Mr. Wardle and his friend stayed after Mr. Pickwick's release from prison, and partook of supper; the Adelphi Arches through which the lad Dickens was fond of wandering, and many other places which the reader of the early chapters of Forster's "Life of Dickens" will recall. Along the Strand we come to Norfolk Street, where Mrs. Lirriper had her lodgings, on the corner of which street stands the house occupied by Messrs. Chapman & Hall at the time "The Pickwick Papers" were originally published, and from whose stall Dickens had previously purchased the magazine containing his first published story. Across the road is St. Dunstan's Church, the church of Trotty Veck's encounter with the Bells.

The old Inns of Court all figure more or less in Dickens's books or his life. Clifford's Inn behind St. Dunstan's Church has its most prominent reference in "The Pickwick Papers" as the scene of a gruesome tale told by the old man in the "Magpie and Stump"; Lincoln's Inn Hall, where the case of Jarndyce *v* Jarndyce "dragged its slow length along"; "Barnard's Inn" where Pip and his friend Pocket lived before removing into the Temple, and a terrible place according to Pip, where "dry rot, and wet rot, and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat, and mouse, and bug, and coaching stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned 'Try Barnard's Mixture'"; Sergeant's Inn where Mr. Pickwick obtained his *habeas corpus* for getting into the Fleet; Symond's Inn, now no longer existing, "a little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone Inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter"; "Staple Inn" where Mr. Grewgious occupied a set of chambers behind the doors with those mystic letters "P.J.T."; "Furnival's Inn," where the novelist himself lived and wrote "Pickwick," upon whose site stands the Prudential Assurance Building with the sacred Dickensian spot marked by a bust of the novelist; "Gray's Inn" where Traddles lived and before his time Mr. Perker.

Indeed the whole environment of these legal Inns is

David Copperfield and Uriah Heep,
as drawn by Fred Barnard.
From "David Copperfield" (Chapman & Hall).

Charles Dickens presiding at the Newsvendors' Dinner, April 5, 1870—two months before his death.

From *Fun*, April 23rd, 1870.

"Like Falstaff, but with a modification almost as large as himself, I shall try rather to be the cause of speaking in others than to speak myself to-night."—"Dickens's Speeches" (Chatto & Windus).

crowded with Dickensian nooks and corners. There is Took's Court (the original of Cook's Court) Chancery Lane, where Snagsby's stationers' shop was; John Forster's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the original of Mr. Tulkinghorn's; New Square and Raymond's Buildings associated with Dickens's own legal education, as well as with creations in his books; "Thavie's Inn" in Holborn, where we are reminded of Mrs. Jellyby and Peepy with his head between the area railings. Going westward along Holborn, with visions of Bill Sikes and Oliver tramping to Chertsey on the burglary expedition, we think of the Gordon Rioters sacking the distillery—a distillery is still there on the site of the old one—of the "Black Bull" where Sairey Gamp nursed Mr. Lewsome, and Kingsgate Street where she lodged over Pol Sweedlepipe's barber's shop, both buildings, by the way, now demolished; passing Southampton Street, where Miss Twinkleton and Rosa lodged with Mrs. Billickin, on to Newman Street, Oxford Street, the scene of Mr. Turveydrop's dancing academy, through Golden Square, past Ralph Nickleby's House, not forgetting Dr. Manette's residence in Carlisle Street, off Soho. And so by easy stages we could reach the more aristocratic West End, and think of Silas Wegg with his wooden leg and stall, watching a certain house in Wimpole Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Boffin resided. We might find Mr. Dombey's House, dreadfully genteel, in the region between Portland Place and Bryanston Square, Tite Barnacle's in Mews Street, Grosvenor Square, Mrs. Wititterly's in Cadogan Place, where Kate Nickleby acted as companion, "which is in Sloane Street but not of it" for the people of Cadogan Place "look down upon Sloane Street and think Brompton Road low."

As a matter of fact, we could wander in all directions, North, South, East, West, as far afield as Jack Straw's Castle for a "red hot chop," as Camberwell, in company with Wemmick to his castle, as Bow, in search of Mrs. Nickleby's cottage and the house of the "gentleman next door," as Richmond, in search of the "House by the Green," where Pip drove Estella, and find many more landmarks and associations on the way. But space forbids, and enough has been said to indicate that London to-day is still Dickens's London. And in spite of the fact that the flight of time and the house-breakers have swept much away, there are scores of Dickensian landmarks yet remaining to keep the novelist's memory green in the city he loved best and that plays so large a part in all his writings.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS

By Thomas Hardy, G. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir F. C. Burnand, Andrew Lang, F. Anstey, M. E. Braddon, J. Ashby Sterry, Percy Fitzgerald, Richard Whiteing, Harry Furniss, I. Zangwill, Jerome K. Jerome, Cecil Aldin, Robert Hichens, G. S. Street, John Hassall, Lucas Malet, Beatrice Harraden, Frank Reynolds, Arthur Morrison, Mary E. Mann, W. J. Locke, William De Morgan, Percy White, and G. K. Chesterton.

THAT in our days Dickens meets with some depreciation is no sign that his vogue is on the wane. He has always had his depreciators. Even in the first great days of his abounding popularity there were some who stood apart and sniffed. Emerson said (in those Journals of which Messrs. Constable have just published the fifth and sixth volumes) that Dickens could not write dialogue and had no insight into character, and that "Oliver Twist" "begins and ends without a poetic ray, and so perishes in the reading." But he thought better of some of the later books. The *Quarterly* was cold to "Pickwick"; the *Saturday* wrote contemptuously of "A Tale of Two Cities" when it first appeared, and in general if you compare what was written of the work of Dickens when he was living with what is written of it now you are brought to a conclusion that the appreciation of him is growing rather than diminishing.

By way of putting this to the test, we sent an application to a selection of representative authors, artists, and men and women eminent in English public life, and asked

them to favour us with a note of: (1) Any personal recollection they had of or connected with Dickens; (2) whether their life or work owed anything to his influence; (3) their personal opinion of the value of his novels; whether they considered his humour appealed as strongly to readers of our time as of his own, and which they would rank as the greatest of his books. And they have very kindly responded in the following terms:

THOMAS HARDY

and the influence of Dickens:

In reply to your inquiries I regret to say that I have no information to give that can be of much service to you. I did not know Dickens, though when a young man in London I heard him read from his books in the Hanover Square Rooms.

But as I was thinking more of verse than of prose at that time, I do not know that my literary efforts owed much to his influence. No doubt they owed something unconsciously, since everybody's did in those days.

Your other questions I cannot answer.

THOMAS HARDY.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

thinks all Dickens's later works magnificent:

(1) None.

(2) Obviously a great deal. My works are all over Dickens; and nothing but the stupendous illiteracy of modern criticism could have missed this glaring feature of my methods—especially my continual exploitation of Dickens's demonstration that it is possible to combine a mirrorlike exactness of character drawing with the wildest extravagances of humorous expression and grotesque situation. I have actually transferred characters of Dickens to my plays — Jaggers in Great Expectations, to You Never Can Tell, for example—with complete success. Lomax in Major Barbara is technically a piece of pure Dickens. It is not too much to say that Dickens could not only draw a character more accurately than any of the novelists of the nineteenth century, but could do it without ceasing for a single sentence to be not merely impossible but outrageous in his unrestrained fantasy and fertility of imagination. No combination of phonography and cinematography could reproduce Micawber, Mrs. Sparsit, and Silas Wegg from contemporary reality as vividly as Dickens; yet their monstrous and side-splitting verbal antics never for a moment come within a mile of any possible human utterance. That is what I call mastery: knowing exactly how to be unerringly true and serious whilst entertaining your reader with every trick, freak, and sally that imagination and humor can conceive at their freeest and wildest.

(3) Dickens was one of the greatest writers that ever lived: an astounding man, considering the barbarous ignorance of his period, which left him as untouched by Art and Philosophy as a cave man. Compared to Goethe, he is almost a savage. Yet he is, by pure force of genius, one of the great writers of the world. His greatest and deepest contemporaries, Carlyle and Ruskin, William Morris and Tolstoy, knew this perfectly well. All his detractors were, and are, second-raters at best.

There is no "greatest book" of Dickens: all his books form one great life-work: a Bible, in fact. But of course the tremendous series of exposures of our English civilization which began with Hard Times in 1854, and ended with Our Mutual Friend, throw his earlier works, entertaining as they are, into the shade. Little Dorrit is the work of a prophet—and no minor prophet: it is, in some respects, the climax of his work. Great Expectations is equally wonderful as a study of our individual struggles. But all are magnificent. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Charles Dickens giving a Reading (1859).
From a photograph by H. Watkins.

Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

gives some early recollections:

Although a life-long admirer of Dickens, and a reader of almost the whole of his works, many of them several times over, I have little to say of him, as I never had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. I first heard his name during the last year of my school-life at Hertford (1836) when the four masters in the school were in a state of excitement about a story which was appearing in monthly parts, and was handed about from one to another. It was spoken of by them as something quite new, and exhibiting marvellous humour and talent. The title, however "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," was not very attractive to a schoolboy of thirteen, and I do not think I read it till some years afterwards. A little later, however, I heard my brother William speaking of it to a friend, and saying that the style of humour was above less-educated readers. As an example he referred to the description of the scene in the club meeting, when Mr. Winkle "threw himself upon the chair" to stop the quarrel between Mr. Pickwick and the "haberdasher."

I only saw Dickens once, when I heard him give a reading in St. James' Hall, one of the passages read being the account of the young doctor's supper party, and strange to say, I thought it was not well-read and did not bring

out the humour of the scene as many other public readers would have done.

My opinion of his novels is a very high one. I have recently ranked him with Sir Walter Scott as the two most remarkable novelists the world has produced. His greatest story is, I think, "A Tale of Two Cities," followed very closely by "Barnaby Rudge." I owe most to his teaching as to the unity of human nature, showing, as did Herbert Spencer, that virtue and vice, wisdom and folly pervade all classes in an approximately equal degree; while he has confirmed my deep-seated conviction of the inherent injustice and cruelty of our whole system of law, criminal and civil, which another great man, Jeremy Bentham, had pierced with scathing ridicule.

Notwithstanding all that can be said against his mannerisms and exaggerations, I believe that the myriad characters Dickens has given us constitute a portrait gallery of English life and manners during the mid-nineteenth century that will be read with delight so long as the English language continues to be spoken.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND

pictures Dickens as he saw him:

(1) I saw Charles Dickens several times. *Vidi tantum.* I remember his coming into the stalls at the "Lyceum" to see Fechter, who at that time was performing in some melodrama. Dickens was not in evening dress, but wore a black velvet coat, white waistcoat, and a brilliant red tie. He did not stay for the last act. I heard him read the trial scene from "Pickwick" at St. James's Hall, and was greatly disappointed by his rendering of his own inimitable humour.

While my "Happy Thoughts" were appearing in Punch, I was introduced to Edmund Yates at the house of Montagu Williams, and I have never forgotten how immensely pleased I was when Yates informed me that Charles Dickens had told him how greatly he appreciated this work of mine.

(2) I suppose that in some way or other my work has been influenced by the writings of Charles Dickens.

(3) I do not think that his humour appeals to so many at this time as it did; but it appeals as forcibly—and, speaking for myself, it appeals more forcibly than ever it did. His mere sentiment does not appeal to me: it seems theatrical. His strongest situations are melodramatically arranged, as for "a curtain."

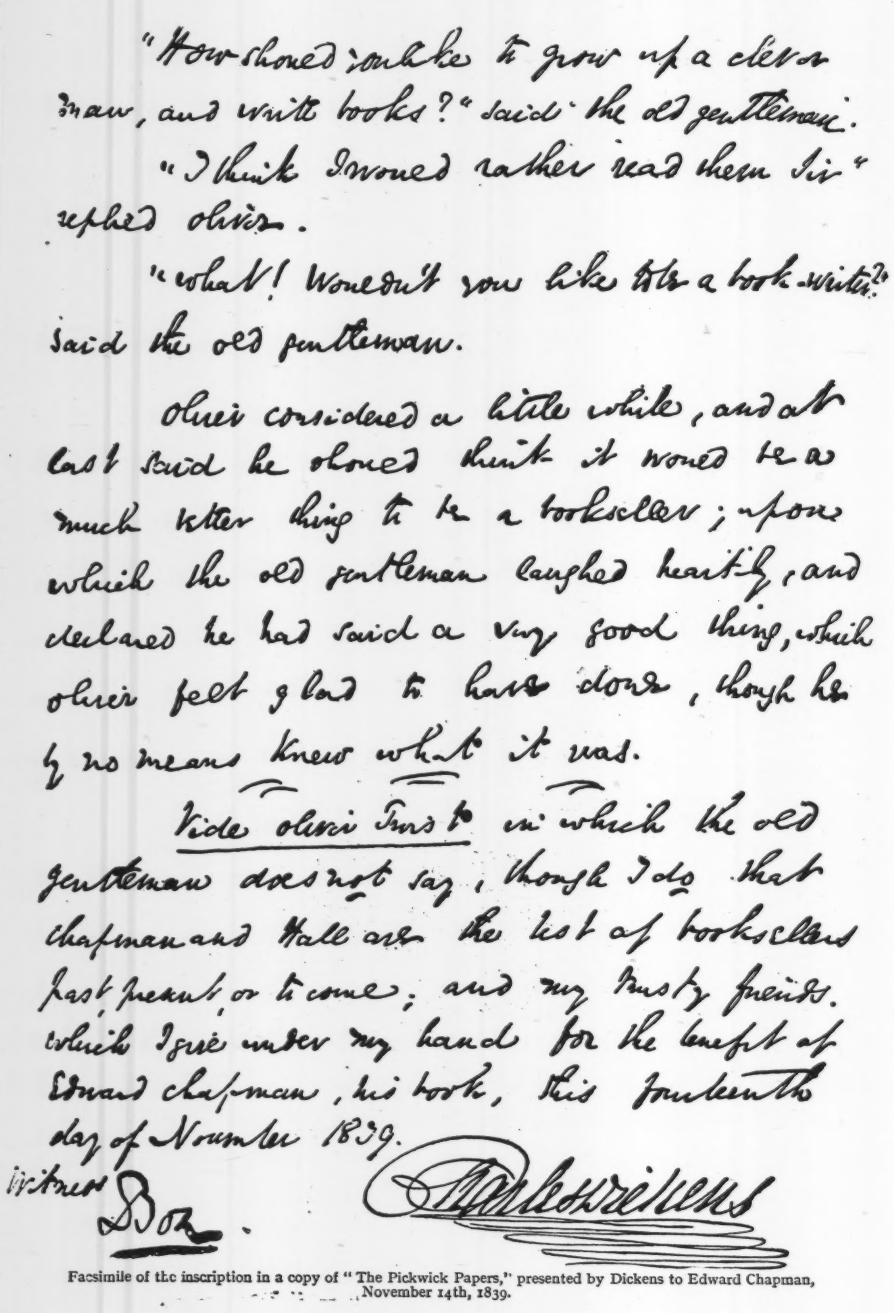
I think I should select as my own special favourites "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and "Oliver Twist." But his "characters" in *all* his books, without exception, are every one of them my constant friends and most amusing and interesting companions.

F. C. BURNAND.

ANDREW LANG

wonders who buys Dickens:

I never saw Dickens, and my life and work, such as they are, owe nothing to his influence so far as I am aware. The readers of our day, of course, do not


"How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books?" said the old gentleman.

"I think I would rather read them sir" replied Oliver.

"What! Wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

Vide Oliver Twist in which the old gentleman does not say, though I do, that Chapman and Hall are the best of booksellers past present, or to come; and my trusty friend, which I give under my hand for the benefit of Edward Chapman, this book, this fourteenth day of November 1839.

Witness Boz.

Charles Dickens

Facsimile of the inscription in a copy of "The Pickwick Papers," presented by Dickens to Edward Chapman, November 14th, 1839.

Miss Georgina Hogarth.
(About 1850.)
From a painting by Augustus Egg.

see the point of his "topical" jokes and, as he is not up-to-date, I often wonder who the purchasers of his books can be—the same mystery surrounds the purchasers of Scott's.

No doubt "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield" tie for first place among his works.

A. LANG.

F. ANSTEY

in praise of Dickens:

(1) I have no personal recollection of, or connected with, Dickens.

(2) I think it very probable that, as I have been a constant reader of Dickens from the time I was ten years old, both my life and work have been influenced by him, though it is naturally difficult for me to say to what extent, or in what degree.

(3) I consider that the combined humour and humanity of his novels give them the highest conceivable value. Judging from the fact that his works are as widely read as ever, if not more widely, I should say that his humour appealed at least as strongly to readers of our day, as of his own.

I rank "David Copperfield" as his greatest book. "Great Expectations" a very close second, and "A Tale of Two Cities" third.

F. ANSTEY.

MISS M. E. BRADDON

and the influence of Dickens:

I regret that my time is so closely occupied that I cannot possibly enter upon a theme upon which I could say much, namely, the influence of Dickens on my thoughts and work. I think it is impossible for anybody to have lived in the Mid-Victorian age and not to have been influenced by that most powerful and remarkable writer. But I can say further that his books were a considerable factor in the happiness of my younger years.

MARY MAXWELL.
(M. E. BRADDON.)

J. ASHBY-STERRY

tells of his meetings with Dickens:

As a youth I can remember it was a great delight to me to meet Dickens in the street and I used frequently to encounter him in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, which was his quickest way from the office of *All the Year Round* to Charing Cross Railway Station. Sometimes, after staring hard at him, I would bolt down one of the alleys into the Strand and, something like Trabbs' Boy, turn up in another direction and meet him again. The last time I saw him—save at some of the final readings at St. James's Hall—was on the West Pier at Brighton. It was a miserable day, blowing hard and raining, and I thought I had the whole place to myself. But on walking round the head of the pier, behind the curved glass shelter, I beheld the author of "Pickwick"! He had his coat collar turned up and he was looking bronzed and hearty. Quite heedless of rain and flying spray he peered through the mist and gazed upon the huge billows rolling in. He seemed like a sturdy pilot who was steering the pier through a very difficult bit of navigation. I passed slowly, very slowly, by him, raised my hat and went away heartily congratulating myself on my good fortune.

The influence of Dickens on the writers of his day was something extraordinary. It has never been sufficiently admitted what a wonderful school for young authors was *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. He not only had a wonderful eye for talent, but he knew exactly how to employ that talent in the right direction, and how to make the very best of the writers on his staff. It is difficult to understand why a list has never been made of those who first appeared in print in the aforesaid publications. Such a list would comprise those who eventually became some of the most brilliant writers of their time. Why is it we have no journals nowadays like the two already named? Is it that we cannot get the writers, or that the readers are not forthcoming? It is more probable that the editor is not to be found.

It is very difficult to say which are one's favourites in the whole series of Dickens's novels. But if I might name three, I would say "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," and "Dombey & Son." The last, independent of its merits, has a great claim on my affection, as it was the first work by Dickens that I ever read, when about nine years old. Walking down Leadenhall Street after reading the description of Sol Gill's establishment, I at once spotted the Wooden Midshipman, outside the original of the shop described in the story.

and it was long afterwards that I found my surmise to be correct. A good many years subsequently when the shop was moved to the Minories and the house was demolished, I wrote the history of the Wooden Midshipman and its associations in *All the Year Round* for Charles Dickens Junior. My juvenile explorations in Dickensland have been continued all my life, but the real spots alas ! are getting fewer and fewer and soon there will be none of them left.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

PERCY FITZGERALD
looks backwards:

Some forty-two years have gone since Charles Dickens's death. It is singular that now we are celebrating his centenary and, looking round to see who is with us that knew him personally (no one had such troops of friends as he had—practically all the literary men of his day were friends of his as of course) we find only two or three remaining. There is no writer now, poet or novelist, who receives such general homage as he did. He was known by sight everywhere as he walked, and everybody was at his service. His name was a general passport. I remember going round with him on one of his Reading Tours, and when I was expressing my thanks for the great enjoyment he had given me, he broke out with his hearty exuberance: "No, no! this is nothing—you must come with me to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and let us make the whole Leith tour together. The railway directors will give us a saloon and we shall victual it, with all good things and have a rare royal time of it." But an important domestic event in our family deprived me of this pleasant junketing.

Once indeed, I saw him subjected to an incivility at an Irish railway-station. The companies not only placed a saloon carriage at his service, but never charged him anything for carrying his rather heavy apparatus, gas-fittings, screens, etc., and this was mentioned to a rough, coarse station-master. "I don't care whether its Dickens or anybody else. He must pay all the same, like other people."

But as we look round now the eye does not fall on these crowds of friends. All have disappeared; three at most remain—one a personal friend to whom he was attached, viz., Mr. Marcus Stone; another, Sir Luke Fildes, and the third a literary one—myself, in fact. It is a fortunate thing, however, that this survivor should have been on terms of closest intimacy with him and was bound up with the traditions and methods of his two journals. No one in fact was more closely connected with those papers than myself for wrote so much

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.
The only surviving member of Dickens's staff on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.

Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.
From a photograph taken about the time he was illustrating "Our Mutual Friend."

for them. No one now could tell so much of him. I had free entry to him at any hour. "Of course Mr. Dickens will see *you*," was the formula, and I often found him at lunch, when he might have excused himself instead of inviting me to sit down and join him. I may mention, without imputation of vanity, some little facts which will show the position I held. As a matter of course everything I offered was printed at once, or if the subject was not quite suitable, he would insist on paying for it. Again, it was surely a high privilege, in the case of a journal for which he himself, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, and Mrs. Gaskell wrote novels, to find oneself commissioned to write a long three-volumed novel. One felt proud to be in such company, and I wrote no less than five such novels for him.

The adding to the other duties of his strenuous life, the editing of a highly-popular journal, entailed a constant weekly supervision and a never-ceasing drudgery upon Dickens for he discharged every duty in the most thorough and conscientious fashion—was indeed needlessly scrupulous, reading every article sent to him or commissioned by him. and correcting all the proofs. And the correcting was so profuse, as those who have seen it know so well, as often to amount to a re-writing: that is, he introduced so many fresh sentences, even adding a line here and a word there, with extraordinary deftness and skill. Not only this, but he would write explanatory letters and often apologetical ones giving his reasons, etc. He was indeed a wonderful being.

Not half enough has been said of Bob's native character which seemed inconsistent with the usual tradition of the successful author. He was *unspoiled* to an incredible degree, took no airs, had no "swelled head," was ever modest and unassuming. He was content with the second or third place when he should have had the first, wished rather to listen than to speak.

And then his never-failing good humour, and amiability! He was ever ready with a pleasant jest. It was a delightful thing to watch in that marvellously expressive

face, as I often did, "the kindly engendure" of one of his lively conceits. He would "rally" a friend in the pleasantest, most waggish fashion, taking stock of some little failing or peculiarity, but with a delightful and airily light touch. He had often a sly jest at my ways, particularly on a certain uncertainty, owing to the embarrassment I felt when he pressed his repeated hospitalities. I would note a peculiarly whimsical smile when this came about, as though he were saying to himself "Now he is going to hesitate." He might be standing there yonder, his hands deep in his pockets, a favourite pose of his, and looking downwards. I was before him. He was about to reply. First, the sparkling, ever-searching eyes began to rove about and twinkle; some humorous quip was occurring to him. Then you saw it descending to his deeply-furrowed cheeks, where all the muscles, the very "cordage of his face" (as was said of, or by, Macklin) seemed to quiver, to relax and light up with internal enjoyment. Then it passed still farther downwards, stole under his rather grizzled moustaches, when

Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

From a photograph taken about the time he was illustrating "Edwin Drood."

the muscles round the mouth set to work in their turn; and finally, thus heralded, came the quip itself in a burst of joyous laughter! Delightful being! He enjoyed the detection of any little inequalities. Indeed:

> "A merrier man
> Within the limits of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk without
> His eye begets occasion for his tongue;
> For every object that the one doth catch,
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

Here the Bard has assuredly drawn his portrait.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

RICHARD WHITEING:

A personal recollection and some opinions:

(1) I did not know Dickens personally. I last saw him at the great dinner given to him some time in the mid-'Sixties at Freemasons Tavern. It was on the occasion of his departure for America for the second visit that was to make amends for Martin Chuzzlewit and "American Notes." There was a mighty gathering, but nearly every name I recall now is the name of a dead man. Bulwer was in the chair; Maclise was of the company; my neighbour at table was Henry Thompson the surgeon, then a rising man; Sala was not far off. He seemed to resent the allusions to Dickens as the life and soul of *Household Words*, and muttered low, thunderous discontent as who should say: "I am the real Simon Pure!"

(2) Willy, nilly, every writer of fiction who touched the time of Dickens owes something to his influence. He swung us round into the sense of our real subject, the uncommemorated million, and our real patron, that million itself. He wrote for the average man; and that man in his multiplex personality surged up to him in gratitude and admiration like a whole people acclaiming its chief. The democratic movement in literature had come to town.

(3) I think he is the greatest in his line the world has seen since Aristophanes, or, if you like, since Rabelais. Both necessarily lose a lot by the mere lapse of time, which mars the freshness and the felicity of their strokes—the all in all. At least, I judge so by the translations in which alone the Greek master is accessible to me. Dickens will lose, has already lost, by such wear and tear, but enough of other quality will remain for many generations to prove his mastery. He was a veritable portent when he appeared, and they all saw at a glance what he was driving at. That ought to be enough to place him for ever.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" (if only for the sake of Mark Tapley) is, I think, the greatest book. Mark is a thing of imagination all compact. It is a whole philosophy of endurance and great endeavour—Epictetus, Marcus, The Bhagavad, and the Little Flowers of St. Francis—in a flash of idealistic caricature that carries to its highest point the frolic gaiety of heroism smiling in the face of death. All the others go mumchance through this ordeal; this one takes it in a coranto. How Dickens came by it and to it I could never make out. Perhaps it was some Christmas present from the skies.

RICHARD WHITEING.

HARRY FURNISS:

What he owes to Dickens:

(1) I never saw Dickens—he died when I was a boy. Charles Dickens, however, created for us delightful imaginary friends we seem to have known, and our mutual friend, Charles Dickens himself, is of these the greatest.

(2) I cannot say that my life has been influenced by Dickens, or by any author or artist, but as the only artist who has ever illustrated all Dickens's works (90,000 volumes of which have been sold in less than two years) I owe this success entirely to the influence of and my admiration for the author.

(3) I have lectured on Dickens for two years, and it takes me one hour and forty minutes to answer your third question. Whether I consider his humour appeals to readers of our day as of his own, is answered in my reply above. "Great Expectations" I have always considered his greatest book—long before I knew that Dickens himself held the same opinion.

HARRY FURNISS.

XUM

Mr. Riah and Miss Wren at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

"'Stop a bit,' interposed Miss Wren. 'I'll give the lady my card.' . . . Miss Abbey with manifest tokens of astonishment read the diminutive document."—From "Our Mutual Friend." Edited by J. A. Hammerton. Illustrated by Harry Furniss (Educational Book Co.).

I. ZANGWILL
tells how he first read Dickens.

When I was nine or ten a schoolboy friend lent me a coverless book without a title-page which I kept hidden in my locker and read in school hours with all the surreptitious sweetness of stolen blisses. The stories it contained seemed to me infinitely more vivid than any I had ever read, not excluding even those of "The Boys of England." There was a particularly haunting passage about tripe. Years afterwards I discovered that the volume was by one Charles Dickens and was entitled "Christmas Books."

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

JEROME K. JEROME
thinks he once met Dickens:

I have the idea that, when a little lad, I met and talked with Dickens one evening in Victoria Park. I made use of the incident in "Paul Kelver."

I should doubt the possibility of any living reader not having been influenced in life and work by Dickens.

To myself his humour appeals as strongly now as when at first it broadened and sweetened my outlook on life. "David Copperfield" I have always considered his greatest book.

JEROME K. JEROME.

CECIL ALDIN
on illustrating Dickens:

I regret I have no personal recollection of Charles Dickens.

I never enjoyed anything so much as when I was illustrating "The Pickwick Papers."

An artist might illustrate Dickens all his life, and never repeat himself. Every page of his work suggests an illustration.

The humour of Dickens must appeal, in any age, to any one who has any sense of humour himself.

CECIL ALDIN.

ROBERT HICHENS
pays tribute:

I have no "personal recollection" to give you. I never saw Charles Dickens. I don't know that my work owes anything to that great man and unique genius. My life owes many hours of intense pleasure. I think his novels of immense value. I prefer "David Copperfield," as a whole, to the others. His humour seems to me undying. Can Mrs. Gamp, can Pecksniff, can Betsy Trotwood, Pickwick, Micawber, a hundred others die? I don't believe it. We pass, but they remain, to move new worlds to laughter. I not only admire Dickens's work. I love it.

ROBERT HICHENS.

G. S. STREET
and the humanising power of Dickens:

I reply to your inquiry about Dickens as a matter of courtesy, but without the slightest hope that my opinion can be of any value, because, since I read him as a boy, I have very seldom even looked into him. There is a good deal of accident, I think, in one's re-reading of great authors: Thackeray, Sterne, Meredith, and some others I re-read constantly; Dickens, never. I don't possess an edition of him. When I *do* take up one of his books I turn to passages or characters I remember and read again with pleasure and admiration. but not with the feeling of familiar attraction I get from the others.

I think, of "the value of his novels," that they have done much to make English people more humane and kindly: but that they have promoted such a vast amount of joy and laughter is enough for gratitude. There is a fashion in modes of humour, no doubt: but real humour is real humour for always, and if anyone cannot be amused by Dickens he must be humourless.

G. S. STREET.

JOHN HASSALL
translated "Pickwick" into German:

Personally, of course, I have no recollection of Charles Dickens, though my grandfather, the Rev. J. B. Owen, of Chelsea, used to meet him at dinners where all the guests used to hang on every word the great novelist uttered. My mother's impression of Dickens's readings of his Carol, in some hall somewhere near St. Martin's Lane, is chiefly of the ready manner in which he moved the audience to hearty laughter or real tears. This to me in his books is the chief charm, the mixture of true humour and deep pathos, which is exactly what happens in everyday life. I have no preference for any one volume, but I am no longer keen on the delightful "Pickwick Papers," as when I was at school in Germany we had to translate it (about three-fourths of it) into German! How the author would have wept if he could have understood the translations! This taught me patience, endurance and resignation, and my possession of these qualities can be indirectly attributed to his influence.

JOHN HASSALL.

The Death of Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore; and the Roman pointed . . . helplessly at him from night to morning, lying face downwards on the floor, shot through the heart."—From "Bleak House." Illustrated by Harry Furniss (Educational Book Co.).

LUCAS MALET

thinks him the greatest of all Novelists save Balzac.

(1) I have, I regret to say, no personal recollections of Charles Dickens.

(2) I am not conscious of any direct influence which he has had upon my life or work, save in so far as he has procured me an immense amount of enjoyment and taught me to understand many aspects of the English character.

(3) In my opinion, Charles Dickens, although lacking in knowledge of certain sections of society—learned and aristocratic—is not only the greatest of English novelists, but probably the greatest of all novelists, save Balzac. He is the first, and, so far, remains immeasurably the finest, writer of fiction produced by modern democracy in England. This fact will, indeed must, secure to him lasting interest and influence. As "a writer with a purpose" he is never guilty of sinking the artist in the reformer to the injury of his drama—a merit which cannot be too highly extolled.

I have no means of judging whether his humour appeals to readers of our day as strongly as to those of his own. But, I venture to assert, that those to whom his humour does not appeal must be rather hopelessly deficient in that most reconciling sense.

Among so many masterpieces, I hesitate to pronounce as to the greatest. Personally, "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Tale of Two Cities," appeal to me most.

MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON.
(LUCAS MALET.)

BEATRICE HARRADEN

prefers "Oliver Twist" and the "Tale of Two Cities."

I love, and have always loved Dickens's books. I suppose "David Copperfield" is his greatest, but my favourites are "Oliver Twist" and "The Tale of Two Cities."

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

FRANK REYNOLDS

on Dickens's humour:

I think that any feeling I may have for character and character drawing is very largely due to reading Dickens as a boy. With regard to his humour, he certainly amuses me, but then I've grown up with him—as it were—and this no doubt makes a difference. People who find him laborious and out of date appear to forget that he is still the source of a good deal of modern humour. Of all his books I prefer "Pickwick," though the early part of "Copperfield" strikes me as his finest work.

FRANK REYNOLDS.

ARTHUR MORRISON

finds all Dickens's works delightful:

I fear it is quite impossible to give my opinion of the value of the novels of Charles Dickens in any such space as I have time to fill now. Whether or not his humour appeals as strongly to readers of this day as to those of his own, depends on the readers. If it does not, I am sorry for them and for their loss; but I see no reason to suppose any such sudden national decadence. Nor can I say which I consider his greatest book; for it is a peculiar property of his books to seem to me but one long and very delightful work, as easy and unfettered in form and progress as any of its separate chapters.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

MARY E. MANN

remembers a Dickens' reading:

(1) I was taken as a child to hear him read in order that for all my life mine might be the honour and glory of having seen Charles Dickens. I remember that I was bored through the trial scene from Pickwick, and recall that my father—a Dickens devotee—grumbled that "the man did not realise his own conception of Buzfuz." I remember, too, waking up to delighted recognition when Dickens, in the person of little Bob Cratchit, carried Tiny Tim on his shoulder across the stage. It is evidence perhaps of the vividness of this representation that now so many years are passed, I have to call my reason to confute the illusion that the immortal child in the flesh was not in his creator's arms.

(2) Certainly not my work. For I have always held that Dickens is inimitable and that his imitators are and should be accursed.

(3) That they are invaluable. That I cannot imagine what my own life, especially my youth, would have been without the companionship of Mrs. Nickleby, of darling Paul Dombey (loved and wept over, in spite of my better judgment) of Toots, and the Marchioness, and little Pip, of Fanny Squeers and the Dorrit family. His humour does not appeal to the present age. Hardly any school

boys or girls read Dickens for choice. Booky youths and maidens speak of him as a negligible acquaintance, they no longer hail him as one supremely loved. The general reader, escaped in some inexplicable way from his thraldom, pronounces him vulgar, and does not perceive that he is divine. The men and women and children, rich and poor, great and lowly, cultured and uncultured, whose idol Charles Dickens was, were emphatically not of this generation.

MARY E. MANN.

W. J. LOCKE

on the superior person and the greatness of Dickens:

(1) For a writer to "gauge the influence that another" writer has had on his work is an exceedingly difficult matter, unless he boldly and avowedly imitates his hero, or unless it is a question of mere tricks of style; and for one who holds that colour in all forms of art should be clear and not muddy to say what he owes to such a crystal clear colourist as Dickens is more difficult still. I can, however, safely state that I have never been conscious of Dickens in any of my work, whereas I have often had to "shoo" away the tricksy ghost of Sterne or (dangerous and delectable phantom!) the will-o'-the-wisp spirit of Anatole France. That, generally, Dickens has had a profound influence on my literary life there can be no doubt. But then so have Shakespeare, the Bible and Rabelais and other immortals whom I have chosen as intimate deities.

(2) The mere fact of my putting Dickens among the immortals answers the first point. His humour, compounded of the divine elements of tears and laughter, ought to be eternal. Of course there will always be the superior person (generally very young) to whom Mr. Micawber, Sairey Gamp, and Mr. Pickwick make no appeal; but, thank Heaven, those who wear the whole armour of culture are, after all, few in this world, and the simple-minded (and of such is the kingdom of the immortals) are many.

(3) I think "David Copperfield" is his greatest work—on account of the balance of its construction, the subtle playfulness of its humour and the restraint of its deep pathos.

W. J. LOCKE.

"In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch."

From "A Christmas Carol." Illustrated by Charles Green. (Messrs. A. & F. Pears.)

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

believes he owes Dickens everything:

(1) Unhappily I have no personal recollections. I wish it were otherwise.

(2) In my opinion I owe Charles Dickens everything that a pupil can owe to his master—to his head-master. Whether I have succeeded in rising above mere imitation is a point I leave to my readers. My own memory of Charles Dickens is simply one of unmixed gratitude and plenary acknowledgment of obligation.

(3) It is impossible to assign a value to any work without a standard of comparison. In the case of the two great novelists of last century, Dickens and Thackeray, there is no such unit among English writers, except Shakespeare. To make the comparison would be presumptuous, unless one gave to it the study of a lifetime. Humour always appeals most to its own age. Keeping this in view, I should say Dickens's humour showed an exceptional vitality. I meet people now and then who deny it, but have always found their own samples of humour, produced at my request, the reverse of exhilarating.

I think there can be no doubt which is his greatest book. But autobiographic parallel is such a powerful engine in fiction that it is scarcely fair to his other works to place them in competition with it. Conceive the

difficulty of writing the "Tale of Two Cities," as against "David Copperfield."

WM. DE MORGAN.

PERCY WHITE
describes a Dickens reading:

When I was a boy I heard him give one of his last readings, and I still vividly recall the impression he made on me. The reading was given in the Hall, afterwards known as Mellison's Skating Rink, which had just been built, and was used then for "entertainments" for the first time. The scene he acted, rather than read, from "David Copperfield," dealt with the flight of Little Em'ly. What chiefly struck me was the enormous vitality—"magnetism" they now call it—of the man. He swept his audience away on the stream of his own emotions, thrilled them with every tone and suggestion his voice, words and brilliant eyes conveyed. The intense mental activity blazing in his face, his beautiful moving voice held the audience spellbound. It was a magnificent exhibition of a man's control of human feeling; "theatrical," perhaps, to some extent, judged by modern methods, yet unforgetable. The physical strain of those readings, however, was even to my boyish eyes tremendous, and I doubt not that the great novelist paid for those triumphs by a shortened life.

PERCY WHITE.

Charles Dickens, 1868.
From a photograph by Ben Gurney, New York.

G. K. CHESTERTON
is brief but emphatic:

(1) Personal recollection . . .—*Nothing.*

(2) Whether life or work owes anything to influence . . .—*Everything.*

(3) Personal opinion of value of his novels—His novels have long been independent of anybody's personal opinion. I consider that his humour appeals *more* to readers of the present day. I think his greatest book is "Pickwick."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

ABOUT POETRY.*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT has not been uncommon amongst those, each for his time, unique personages the Professors of Poetry at Oxford, to divide their prælections between continuous "courses" and individual discourses. Mr. Mackail has already communicated his own exercises in the former kind to the world; now he gives the latter, with some additions originally delivered to extra-academical audiences. The book is welcome, and its contents are interesting. We have an initial attempt at that Dark Tower (which, unlike the other, lies in the middle of the fairest possible champaign) the "Definition of Poetry," and a corresponding *coda* on the "Progress of Poetry." Between them there is an eleven of miscellaneous essays —"Poetry and Life"; two on Virgil and Virgiliana; two on Arabian poetry; one on Dante; two on Shakespeare; one apiece on the "Poetry of Oxford," "Imagination," and "Keats." These subjects undoubtedly compose a good lucky-bag; neither will the dipper therein often dip in vain.

Some such dippers are most likely to be disappointed if they draw the "Arabian" articles. There could be no reason against, but much for, the selection of the subject. Among the greatest critical products of the Chair—with no companions indeed (I do not, of course, speak of living past occupants) except the work of Copleston, Keble and Arnold—ranks the *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum* of Lowth; and Hebrew certainly might make room beside her for her younger sister, Arabic. But, unfortunately, we learn at once that Mr. Mackail knows no Arabic except from translations; and (apologising for bluntness) it must be said that he who knows nothing about poetry except from translations knows nothing about it at all. Nor is this the worst. He has two translators before him—Sir Charles Lyall and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Sir Charles's knowledge of literary Arabic is well-known; Mr. Blunt's intimacy with the Arabs of recent and present times is already a matter of history. Which of them gives the original more exactly the present writer cannot say, for, like Mr. Mackail, he knows no Arabic. But what he can say, as a practised critic in divers languages at divers times, is that Mr. Blunt's versions are very much more like late nineteenth century English poetry than Sir Charles Lyall's. And Mr. Mackail obviously, indeed confessedly, prefers them. It is, of course, possible that Arabian poets of the "times of ignorance" wrote like the *Sonnets of Proteus*, but it is difficult not to fancy that it is the Protean quality

* "Lectures on Poetry." By J.W. Mackail. 10/6 net. (Longmans.)

that attracts Mr. Mackail rather than the Arabian. At any rate one impartial reader has been constantly reminded during the perusal of these essays of the innocent Blair's open avowal that when he thought so highly of *Ossian* it was because *Ossian* was like Homer and Virgil and the Bible.

This objection applies nowhere else; and though there may be others they are less fatal, indeed, not fatal at all as one fears this is. You never can make a Definition of Poetry; and Mr. Mackail knows it, and says it, thereby proving himself to be a not unworthy or unsavoury professor of Poetry itself. You can only make shots at it, and your St. Sebastian catches the nearest arrows in his hand, and casts them away with a gracious smile. Mr. Mackail's shot, describing rather than defining poetry as a matter of "pattern" and "repeat," appears to have annoyed some people very much; why, it is impossible for others to see. "Pattern" is no doubt an unlucky word, especially when it is frequently repeated in Mr. Mackail's somewhat Arnoldian fashion. In sense it is rather mechanical; in sound it rhymes to "slattern" and suggests "patter" and "patten" with a compound pictorial image, arising in consequence, which is not perhaps happy. But in itself it goes as near to one side of "the martyred body of our saint" as well may be. Moreover, Mr. Mackail, in many places of the three more abstract essays, the two first and the last, is all but absolutely sound on the most important thing of all, the independence of poetry as regards Subject. It is curious that he should have thought it "a paradox" to say that "no subject is in itself more or less poetical than another," that "no subject is poetical at all except in so far as poetry takes it," that "a subject does not inspire poetry; it is poetry that inspires a subject." This is Apollo's own truth: but Patrizzi and Pinciano had said it centuries, Hazlitt and Hugo decades, before Mr. Mackail was born. So, too, there is a golden sentence, in one of his Virgilian essays, in which he ventures to point out that an "*Ur*-Iliad" never existed. But one is sometimes tempted to ask whether these admirable deliverances, as well as others, in which, like Coleridge, he almost or altogether admits that metre is essential to poetry, are not in a manner resipiscences. If "the subject does not inspire poetry" how is it that the "fully socialistic commonwealth" will "produce a nobler poetry"? It is only the subject that will have changed there. So, too, the sentence about the *Ur*-Iliad would be infinitely more comforting if it did not come pages after (therefore not disannulling) a most disheartening statement that "the delicate and rigorous processes of modern analysis" have fixed the *Ciris* "within twenty years, or thereabout, after the death of Catullus," and that "it was written by Gallus" at the time when he and Virgil were friends. O Bakespearism! O days when people used to deal out *Henry VI.* like a pack of cards to Marlowe and Peele and Kyd and Greene and the rest of them! Here are all our old friends of that time back again, and Mr. Mackail is of the company! How, in the name of that delicate and rigorous instrument, the fiddlestick, *can* you be certain that a particular piece of a literature—of which infinitely the greater part is lost and of which the very literary history, so to speak, is almost a blank save for later traditions—was "written within twenty years or thereabout" of a given date? The present writer loves criticism as well as he loves anything short of poetry; but this is not criticism, it is "hariolation."

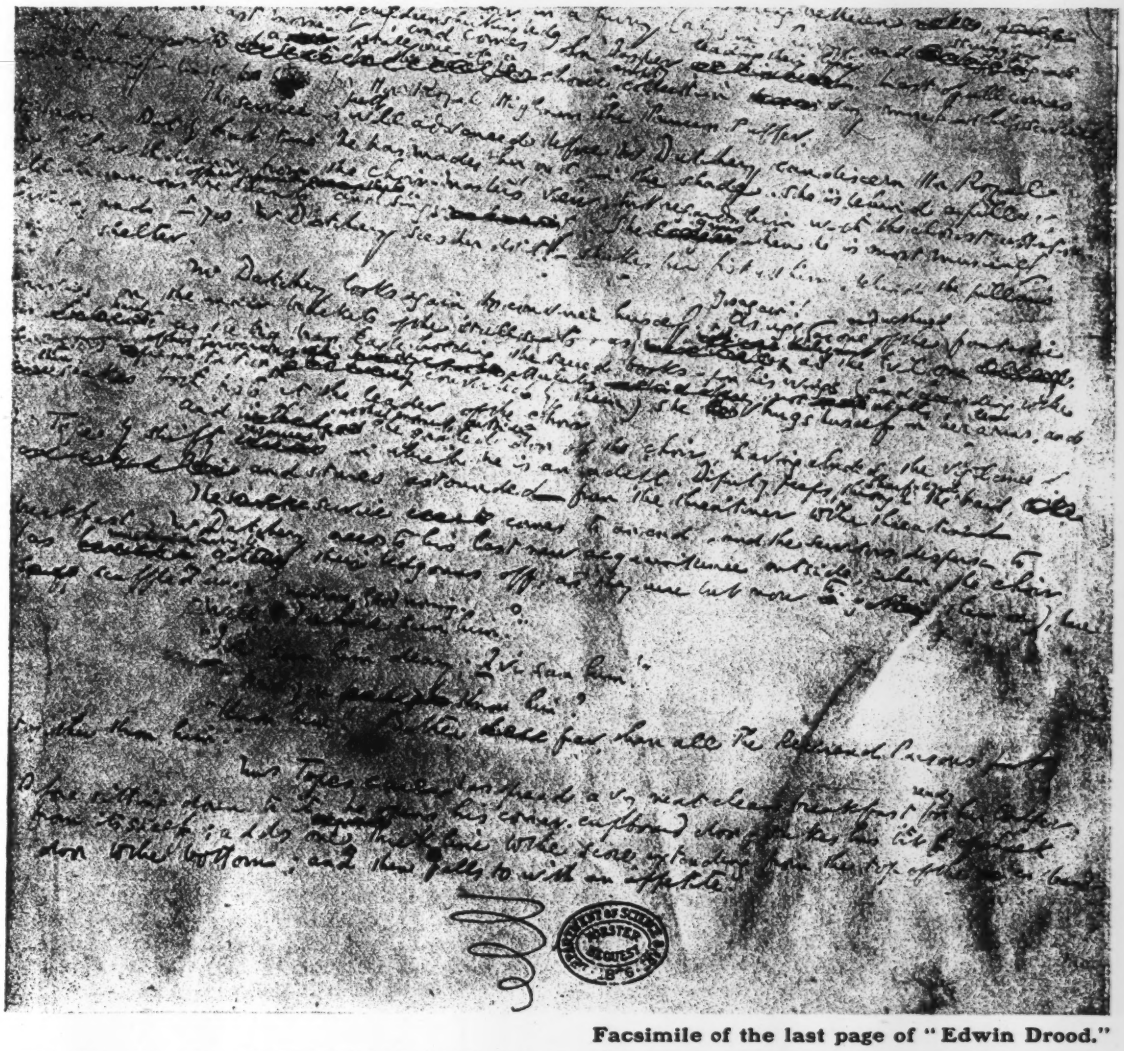
"Barkis is Willin', says you."
From "David Copperfield." Illustrated by W. Groome.
(W. Collins, Sons & Co.)

However, Mr. Mackail is so sound on most of the major questions that one has no desire to pick a quarrel with him. He is perhaps rather hard on Macaulay when he contrasts his phrase of "illusion" with Shelley's of "revelation" for Poetry. "Illusion" meant to Thomas Babington almost exactly what "revelation" meant to Percy Bysshe; and though the state of the latter was in a more gracious heaven, it was not relatively so different. In the paper on "Poetry and Life," the apparently promised working out of a parallel between Hesiod and Langland in contrast to Homer and Chaucer seems to stop short somehow; and the Greek poet of the people is rather left out in the cold while Mr. Mackail is warming his socialist fingers over *Piers Plowman's* fire. And is *Troilus and Creseide* a "greater" poem than the *Vision?* There are critics who would say that they are incommensurable though both great. The Virgilian pair has especial interest because of the many lines which Mr. Mackail's enthusiasm takes. Perhaps, from the cool point of view of general criticism, there is nothing more in Virgil's favour than the extremely different sides from which "Maronolaters" seem to approach their idol. The Roman patriot, the nature-poet, the ideal of "correctness," the ingenious patcher and piecer of almost every constituent of the school-epic into a sort of sealed pattern of it; the consummate exponent of "pity"—he is all

this to them, and it is certainly much. The veriest Devils' Advocate, or the critic who says : "All this is true, but somehow the total does not appeal to *me*," must admit a kind of uniqueness in it. Mr. Mackail seems to be specially attracted to the "pity" side; but he puts them all well. And, though there are very many false doctrines on the subject, the True God of Criticism loves an enthusiastic praiser, so long as he is likewise intelligent, beyond any other of his servants.

It is difficult to be other than desultory in reviewing such a book as this, which is itself necessarily *quodlibetal*. But there are a few other points that we may mention. In his remarks on the distinction between poetry and prose Mr. Mackail seems, naturally enough, to have given more attention to poetry, and while he has made the division clear on that side he has left it rather cloudy on the other. A true *distinguo* requires clearness on both sides. In regard to the Arabian matter it seems rather a pity that, if he dealt with it at all, he did not follow out in a different direction his fruitful conjecture of a possible relation between the Eastern Greek poets of the Anthology and the Arabs; and he might, perhaps, consider whether a reversal of the Eastern-Western influence which he, like most people, assumes, might not be traced in another and Western-Eastern line. *Chansons de Geste* certainly existed before the first Crusade; and such a story as that of Zumurrud and Ali Shahr (unaccountably left out of the Gallandian versions of the *Arabian Nights* though duly given by Lane) is infinitely more suggestive of a Western romance corrupted by Eastern touches than of the opposite.

One or two positive errors or over-statements may be noticed, arising chiefly from an apparent dislike on Mr. Mackail's part to the "perhaps" or the "I think," which others use. That Chaucer "*established* the decasyllable in English" may be allowed: for there is a certain blessed ambiguity in the word "established." But in none of the senses of that word is it true that he established the octosyllable, which was firmly niched more than a century before his birth. So, too, to call "The Two Gentleman of Verona" *obiter* "*the earliest* of the plays" is somewhat unscholarly. An early play it must be; one of the earliest it may very well be; but there is no evidence of any kind whatever to show that it is "the" earliest. Anyone may think it so, and say that he thinks it so; nobody, at least nobody of Mr. Mackail's class, should say that it is.



Facsimile of the last page of "Edwin Drood."

"Of the sentences he was then writing, the last of his long life of literature, a portion has been given in facsimile on a previous page; and the reader will observe with a painful interest . . . its evidence of minute labour at this fast-closing hour of time with him."—Forster's "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall).

The essay on the open puzzle of the title "Commedia" is one of the best of the whole, though, perhaps, the writer considers (as one may, without impertinence, hold to be rather his way), somewhat too curiously, and does not on the whole get very much beyond Warton's eighteenth-century common-sense solution of the problem. And on the Sonnets, that is to say Shakespeare's Sonnets, he is not to be blamed if he does as others do—famously so long as they show others to be wrong; less when in non-destructive work they go beyond an "*O Altitudo!*" But let us close with two things, one the best, the other the worst in the book. Whether the popular notion, accepted by Mr. Mackail, of Shakespeare's having gone through some particular period of *mal moral* at the time of the great tragedies is anything but moonshine, may be a debatable point. But the present writer never knew it justify itself so well as in a passage here. The critic, comparing the episode to Dante's famous passage through the bath of fire at the top of Purgatory, proceeds to quote the incomparable sequel of the apparition of Matilda in Paradise, and simply adds "Her name in Shakespeare is Miranda, Perdita, Imogen." "It is only a conceit," somebody may say. Perhaps, but there are some who think that not a few of the greatest things in literature are to be found among conceits, and one William Shakespeare seems not to have disagreed with them.

So agreeable is it that one has to go back to it, and to its suggestion of the waters of Lethe and Eunoe, to wash away if possible, and to forgive at least as a critical Christian, a terrible phrase which meets us almost in the very last lines of the book. Here, Mr. Mackail, as "a son of Oxford," speaks of his mother as "that elderly but irrepressible enchantress." Now, enchantresses are sometimes old, or look so (for they are not really), but they are never "elderly." And though they always are, or ought to be, irresistible, they leave to quite a different class of persons the quality of being "irrepressible." An "elderly but irrepressible enchantress" suggests, no doubt, divers actual types—Mrs. Bardell, Flora Finching, possibly even Blanche Amory when she had been for some years Madame la Comtesse de Montmorenci de Valentinois. But Oxford? However, there is no need of extended comment. As a poet whom Mr. Mackail knows very well once wrote in another matter:—

"Besides, it is King Guilbert's lot,
Whatever he says, she answers not."

Nor need any of her other sons answer for her.

Charles Dickens and Little Nell.

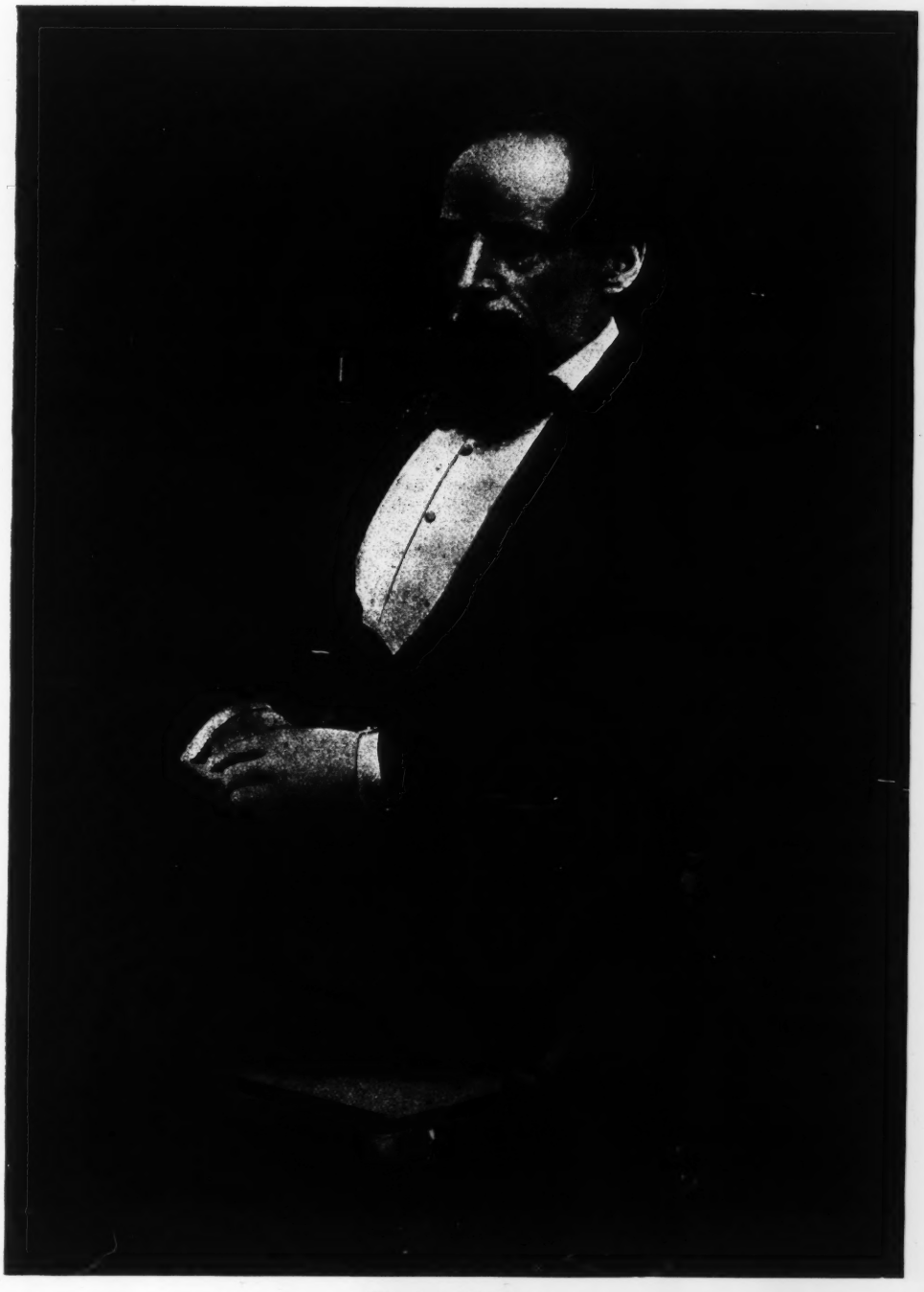
[A statue group by Frank Edwin Elwell, in Frank Park, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

New Books.

BIBLE LETTERS OF GEORGE BORROW.*

A linguistic friend recently told the writer that, when he was about to learn a new language, the first step he took was to go to the British and Foreign Bible Society for a New Testament in that particular tongue. Polyglottism has always been the special hobby of the Society and it was in the work of building up this reputation for linguistic versatility that George Borrow succeeded in proving his value. It is far from easy as a rule for a linguist to make a substantial mark. Some have maintained that the special faculty of acquiring languages rapidly is associated, more often than not, with a small brain capacity. Cardinal Mezzofanti was a case in point, and so it has been held was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who had Greek and Latin as well as any man in Illyria. Dr. Walsh maintained, with some skill, that no man could attain more than one language in anything approaching perfection. Some who repudiate these ideas would adopt the view that Borrow was never a great linguist or anything like it, but was at best a mere smatterer in out of the way tongues. But even granting him linguistic capacity, it is no easy matter on such a basis to find such a man as Borrow a legitimate and profitable field for the exercise of his talents. Migration is the condition which sets this gift upon a pedestal. It may be done mentally, by translation, or physically, by travel. But translation in an ordinary way is one of the worst paid industries in the world. Travel to be profitable must usually be commercial, diplomatic or scientific. Borrow was not a man of science, nor was he, like Prior, Lowell or Motley, a man of letters and diplomat interchangeable. Eventually, he assumed almost every *rôle* to which traveller could aspire; he was in a way a commercial agent, a literary colporteur, a diplomatist and a linguistic explorer. His "Letters to the Bible Society," now first published in full, make clearer than ever before that he was engaged at first solely in the capacity of an expert. He was favourably known to persons of influence on the Society's Committee as an adept at learning hard languages. He was wanted to go to

* "Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society." Published by Direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Charles Dickens
(1864)

From a photograph by Mason.

St. Petersburg and to superintend the preparation, cleaning and printing-off of a Manchu translation of the Bible the printed formes of which had been injured by the great flood of the Neva in 1824. This translation had gone through many vicissitudes, and it seems to have sprung in the first instance from a version made by a Jesuit, named Puerot, in days when the Manchu or Mandchou was a much more vital tongue than it subsequently became. In later days it was spoken only by the children of heaven; and, when spoken before Europeans, had first to be translated into Chinese and then retranslated from that comparatively familiar idiom. A good deal of the Bible was retranslated or revised by a writer in the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office, named Lipoftsoff, between 1821 and 1826. Why Lipoftsoff should not have been paid to pass this translation through the press himself is not very clear. Borrow was eventually selected for the work and we get a unique portrait of him in these pages showing off his paces in the most artless manner as an apt student of official Chinese. He had only had the necessary books a month when we find him writing to point out errors and mistranslations in his predecessor's version. The editorial secretary hardly sees how he can make effective progress without a Manchu grammar; but Borrow writes to show that the secretary is ludicrously mistaken. After six months study he gets the post at £200 a year and sets out for Petersburg armed with introductions to influential persons in the Russian Capital (July, 1833). Borrow had obtained a reputation in Norwich in days gone by as a rather scurrilous and, in the phrase of that day, "atheistic" person where sacred themes were under discussion. He had certainly belonged to a godless Taylorian clique in the city. His views may of course have changed; but it was not altogether surprising that some of his old associates should have laughed at his new found piety, his great zeal for hymns, homilies and pious tags, his profound earnestness in the cause of religion and virtue. More amusing though, because more characteristic, is the way in which he holds forth to the Rev. Mr. Jowett, the Editorial Superintendent of the Bible Society in his letters, upon the progress he is continuing to make in the Mandchou tongue. He is careful to select as a tutor a man who was twelve years a resident in Pekin, and who speaks in the soft, subtle, and refined accent of the capital. He pays him about six shillings a lesson and grudges it not, inasmuch as the perfect acquisition of Mandchou is one of his most ardent wishes. He can already write Mandchou faster than English! He composes hymns in Mandchou. But he proceeds to warn the society explicitly against it. It is one of those deceitful tongues, the seeming simplicity of whose structure induces you to suppose, after applying for a month or two, that little more remains to be learned, but which after a year's assiduous study begin to reveal themselves in their true and formidable colours. He is soon submitting epigrams in Mandchou for the delectation of Bible House. The preparation of the type progressed apace and, by October 1834, Borrow was writing to the excellent Mr. Jowett, "my proof-sheets are rushing in so fast that time is exceeding precious to me and I grudge every moment that is not devoted to my Maker or to my great undertaking." He was certainly not defective in the optical power of magnifying his undertaking. If moved "one inch" from his own proper course he threatens disaster to the whole enterprise. "I want no assistance but that of God and will accept of none." Borrow hoped that he might be employed to distribute Mandchou Bibles in central Asia and complete his journey home by way of Pekin. He was disappointed in this ambition, but he did the journey in imagination so vividly that he came later on to believe that he had actually accomplished it in fact. As a solatium he obtained the roving commission which has made the "Bible in Spain" a sort of household word in Protestant circles. The application of Borrovian adventure to provincial meetings of the society had in fact proved a most valuable stimulus. Borrow sailed for Lisbon in November 1835. The four hundred and seventy pages that follow are mainly concerned with his wanderings in the Peninsula and are very largely identical with the text of the well-known classic. But to the curious student they supply an abundance of sidelights and characteristic touches. Here for instance is a letter from the Foreign Office to the Secretary of the Society in which one may recognise the Palmerstonian tartness among a thousand. It ends thus "I am directed to add that, under the circumstances, Lord Palmerston considers it to be extremely desirable that the Bible Society should for the present prevent its agents from pursuing a system which is not only calculated to endanger the security of British subjects residing in Spain, but which at the same time cannot fail to be injurious to the cause which the Society are endeavouring to advance. When the civil war shall be over, and the internal affairs of that country shall have become more settled the benevolent exertions of the Society will have a better chance of being successful." We see Borrow's adventure here from the inside. His relations with his colleague (Lieutenant Graydon) and with his committee at home were far more precarious than we might have supposed. Externally his position was a good deal more secure than we might have had reason to think after a perusal of "The Bible in Spain." Borrow knew how to enhance our sense of these perils in the most delicious manner and to convey the impression that St. Paul's adventures and voyages after his were relatively humdrum. The pecuniary side of the story and its details, the frequency of Borrow's appeals for money, and the minute care with which this Daniel in the Lion's Den provides for the immediate future insensibly undermines our former implicit belief in the nonchalant heedlessness and childlike faith of our Spanish Apostle. The letters administer an ingredient which Borrow sedulously eschewed. The world at large will probably continue to prefer the documents in the artistic and sophisticated form given them by the Word Master. But all who are curious as to the evolution of a masterpiece, all who like to get behind the scenes, all those who hunger to know how literary proprietary articles are made and to resolve them into their constituent components of aloes, ginger, and soap, will not fail to study this extremely interesting and decorative volume, which looks externally like a Tudor Translation and has, indeed, as many will think, a good deal of the old Buccaneer-of-the-Spanish-Main attraction about it. Borrow's expressions at times are worthy of a period when men of English birth foamed with fury at the thought of the Spanish Inquisition. "Dark Madrid," he says, but dark is an epithet which "I thank God I may now drop, for can that city justly be called 'dark' in which thirteen hundred Testaments at least are in circulation and in daily use?" The interest in Borrow can hardly be anything other than very much alive at the present day in which it is no recondite fact that no less than three distinct lives of the great *Gitano* are in a state of active preparation. To all really interested in the facts, as contrasted with the fictions, of his career this book cannot fail to prove of capital importance.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THREE QUEENS*

In a day when the rapid book-maker flourishes, when a writer "gets up" his subject in the same way as a barrister his brief, it is refreshing to come across such a work as Miss Greenwood's "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England." Miss Greenwood works leisurely. The first volume of this work appeared in 1909, and at the end of 1911 the second volume was issued. It is clear, therefore, that the author is making a bid for a higher renown than do most writers of the present day, and consequently it is due to her that she should be judged by a standard higher than

* "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England." By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. II. Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Queen of George III.; Amelia Elizabeth Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of George IV.; Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, Queen of William IV. 10s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

that applied by an amiable reviewer to the authors who aspire to no more than a cursory reading during the season in which their book appears. The latter class appeals to the circulating library public that wants history or biography in solution, with the romantic side of the subject—which is also too often the fictitious side—brought out into strong relief. Miss Greenwood's "Queens of England" will doubtless command a handsome proportion of the circulating library public, but its appeal is less to that than to the serious historical student, who will assuredly put it on his shelves as a companion, as well as a sequel, to Miss Strickland's volumes on the predecessors of the Hanoverian Queens of England.

If these queens are happy in their biographer, it must be confessed that the biographer is happy in her subjects. The unhappy Sophia Dorothea of Celle, the clever managing Caroline of Anspach, the narrow-minded Charlotte Sophia, the irresponsible Caroline of Brunswick, and the sober Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, are a quintet that, while it may tax the powers of character-drawing of any writer, must give great variety to the labour of whosoever attempts to depict it. Therein is material for the exercise of judgment. Was Sophia Dorothea of Celle guilty or merely foolish? Was Caroline of Brunswick innocent or more than vastly indiscreet? Perhaps these are not the most important questions: they are without doubt those upon which Miss Greenwood's opinions will be sought and discussed. That is human nature. No one ever talks of Queen Adelaide, though that royal lady will take a higher place in many minds when Miss Greenwood's essay has been read. One's opinions of Caroline of Anspach and Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz are fixed. But the compelling interest is in Dorothea and the second Caroline. There is in their lives that touch of drama, that touch of tragedy too, that makes the whole world turn to whatever is written about them. The others by comparison led humdrum lives: these two are among the heroines of history—the women remorselessly persecuted by persons from whom there was practically no appeal. Caroline, it is true, enlisted the sympathies of Parliament in her earlier days, and contrived to hold up to obloquy a shameless husband; and in later days secured the suffrages of the people to such an extent that the highest tribunal in the land dared not allow to pass a Bill that declared her guilty. Even those who believed she had sinned could not bring themselves to pronounce her guilty, rightly holding that whatever she had done was condoned by the behaviour of her consort. Had the House of Lords found Caroline guilty, the House of Commons would certainly have thrown out the Bill. But had the Lords passed the Bill, it is possible that the Bill would never have come to the Lower House, for such, indeed, was the temper of the people at this time that an adverse verdict might have meant the overthrow of the monarchy. The Prince Regent hated his wife so much that he would have faced the risk; but the ministers could not consent to do so, and there can have been few scenes in the entire history of Parliament since Cromwell ejected the members more dramatic than when Lord Liverpool rose, and moved that his own Bill be read that day six months.

In that part of her preface which deals with authorities, Miss Greenwood writes: "Southey's 'Authentic Memoirs of George III.,' which sometimes appears in lists, seems to be an imaginary reference. No such work is to be traced, unless it is a misnomer for the anonymous 'George III.: His Court and Family' (2 vols., 1820)." These lines are peculiarly interesting to the present writer, as he is one of those who, in a list of contemporary books on George III., has included Southy's (not Southey) "Authentic Memoirs of George III."; and he can assure Miss Greenwood that this is not an imaginary reference, nor is the work confounded with "George III.: His Court and Family," which latter (why deponent knoweth not) is usually ascribed to John Gait, who was not innocent of the crime of pot-boiling. Indeed, the present writer is the proud possessor of a copy of the "Authentic Memoirs," no other copy of which he has yet been able to trace in any public or private library, though doubtless there are many in existence. The full title-page is as follows:

"Authentic Memoirs of our late Venerable and Beloved Monarch George the Third, whose Exemplary Piety and Virtues have shed during the longest Reign, over a period the most eventful and important in the Annals of History, so bright a lustre. Compiled chiefly from private sources of authenticity, and comprising numerous interesting Anecdotes of his late Majesty, the Royal Family, Nobility, &c., never before published. To which will be added particulars of his late Majesty's illness, Funeral Ceremonies, &c., with the Correspondence of the present Queen, on the Subject of the Coronation. By Robert Southy, Esq. 'I wish that every poor child in my Dominions should be able to read the Bible.' Expression of our late Pious and Benevolent King. London: Published by J. Jones & Co., No. 6, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row, and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen. 1820. Entered at Stationers Hall."

In spite of the promise of the title-page, any value that the book may possess is entirely due to its rarity. Who Robert Southy was no one seems to know. Can it be that he was some poor denizen of Grub Street desirous to lure a careless public to buy his book under the impression that it was by the author of "The Life of Nelson"? Perish the thought!

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE CENTAUR.*

What Maurice Guèrin dared not do, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has done, and done triumphantly. Taking the wildest and strangest of old Greek myths, he has brought it into close relation with the actual life of the modern world. His "Centaur" is the masterpiece of the new romantic movement. The ingenuity with which it is composed is, however, somewhat too patent: it draws off the attention from the main idea. Instead of putting his extraordinary study in mysticism in a modern frame, Mr. Blackwood makes, so to speak, a series of sandwiches, with alternating layers of his strange, beautiful, philosophical romance and of his ordinary matter-of-fact atmosphere. Certainly he manages to get in this way the connection between life and imagination at which he aims; but we often find ourselves admiring his literary skill, when we ought to be carried away by the strength and passion of his feelings. The simpler and easier form of composition would, we think, have been more effective.

Yet in spite of the way in which it is interrupted, his story makes the impression he intended. It touches the imagination and fills the mind with new ideas. Conceived in a very curious vein of pagan mysticism, "The Centaur" is both the interpretation of an ancient view of nature and a study of the modern romantic temperament. Much of its strange force is due to the fact that a multitude of persons in Christendom is now in a frame of mind similar to that of the classic pagans. Robbed of the beliefs of their fathers, and yet unwilling to acquiesce in the vision of annihilation which is all that science can offer them, they build up, out of their restless and unsatisfied longings, the old, wild, superstitious ideas of heathendom. Rather than let their feelings starve and wither, they are ready to deify the blind forces of nature, or let their imagination run riot amid the fancies of Oriental gnosticism. To these temptations of the modern spirit, Mr. Blackwood has fallen in some of his earlier tales of horror and mystery. He felt he would rather surround himself with the terrors and ghosts of primitive days, than let his feelings grow slack and cold for want of exercise. As a merchant of antidotes against the comfortable dullness of civilisation, he was as remarkable as Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Henry James. Lately, however, he has found in the works of William James a clearer and higher source of inspiration.

Terence O'Malley, the hero of "The Centaur," was an Irishman of the modern pagan mystical school. In him, the romantic desire to escape from civilisation became something more than the call of the wild. He loved the wilderness only because he obtained there strange ecstacies of the spirit in which he seemed to reach to the souls of things.

* "The Centaur." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

XUM

All the material universe was to him a spiritual system: the earth lived, and the creatures that she carried on her bosom were but incarnations of her moods. Mr. W. B. Yeats, it will be remembered, is inspired by a pagan mysticism of this sort; but it is with a certain timidity that he uses it in trying to revive the faery myths of ancient times. Mr. Blackwood is bolder and, it may be, more sincere. His Centaur is put forward as a real embodiment of a mood of nature: he stands for everything vaguely working in the neo-romantic mind of the present day—the desire to escape from our mean and stifling civilisation, the wild longing for a larger personality, and for some miraculous control over the material part of life. The extraordinary truth of feeling with which Mr. Blackwood portrays O'Malley, who represents the best qualities of the modern romantic temper, makes the introduction of the Centaur as natural and inevitable as anything in modern fiction. Finding then that the way of escape into the larger freedom of the spirit means a loss of his personality, O'Malley at first hesitates, but after seeing in a vision the lovely life of the spirit, he goes out on the great adventure. The whole tale is a beautiful allegory, close in touch with actual life but somewhat pagan in feeling. It is quite the best thing that Mr. Blackwood has yet given us.

THE RESURRECTION IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

It should be understood in the first place that, according to the mind of Dr. Budge and by the negative testimony of all extant memorials, there is no reason to postulate, in connection with the cultus of Osiris, the existence of any expectation that the physical part of the Egyptian believer would be raised from the death-state. At the same time there did enter into the life of the other world a certain spiritual body which continued "for ever and ever," as the vehicle of the individual soul, and this transit was termed a resurrection. It appears to have lived thereafter in a state of liberation and had the freedom of heaven and earth. The resurrection of this body depended on religious ceremonies performed by priests on earth. These in their turn depended on the life and immortality brought to light by the divine mission of Osiris. The ceremonies were funereal, and were accompanied by sacrificial offerings which seem to have been equal in importance with the liturgical rites and the rest of the great body of observances. Why in connection with these it was necessary, or at least desirable, to embalm the physical corpse does not appear from the texts; but Dr. Budge supposes (*a*) that "the eternal welfare of its spiritual constituents" somehow depended thereon, for the simple reason (*b*) that the Egyptians were much too practical to have undertaken the task otherwise. This notwithstanding, he tells us otherwise, that the fate of the body was unimportant, comparatively speaking, "provided that the sacred words of the liturgy of the dead had been said over it." I am putting here with the uttermost simplicity what is in truth an involved question, because more than one kind of soul and more than one spiritual body were recognised in Egypt. Of these it is impossible to speak in a brief notice; and so also I omit from consideration what may have happened to the majority of the dead, for example, on the field of battle, who were deprived of funereal ceremonies, to say nothing of the embalming process. The intimations are wanting on this subject, but they may have benefited in some way by the priestly recitation, "probably at regular intervals during the year," of the spells, incantations and other formulæ contained in the oldest known recension of the "Book of the Dead."

The immortal and impassible body, vehicle of the higher soul, was a counterpart of that which the individual bore on earth. It was certainly an arch-natural body, but it is described throughout in the terms of flesh and blood. So also the beatified life in the kingdom of Osiris, which was attained by the justified man, was in the image and likeness of this world. But behind such surface teaching lies all that which is implied by many indications that the redeemed being, and citizen of the heavenly kingdom, was made one with the creative power which operates in the universe, and that he was incorporated with the supreme rulership of Osiris. The titles for the attainment of this state are summarized in the word justified, which I have just used. Those who attained to the kingdom so did in virtue of sanctity, or sanctity at least is presupposed concerning them. They had "satisfied all requirements" and were not "accused of sin." As such, the resurrection to the life beyond was made in them perfect; they entered into the divine generations and counted no longer amidst those of earth. The pantheon of Egypt, represented by the palmary divinities therein, was concerned actively in the raising of the faithful dead. Horus included him among the company of the gods; Horus gave sight to his eyes; Isis and Nephthys endued him with divine strength; he was united with Osiris and was in a sense identified with him, as indeed with all gods in turn. Their stories were his stories; their acts and attainments were his.

To what extent the required sanctity was of the vital order, and to what extent it was artificial or imputed, is difficult to determine. Dr. Budge says that, according to the texts, life everlasting "could only be acquired by those who had lived righteous lives on earth." But he says also (*a*) that the sin of yesterday was blotted out by the offerings of to-day; (*b*) that every offence was atoned for in this manner; and (*c*) that "ceremonial cleanliness of body" made pure in every way. The question arises whether certain texts, separated from certain practices, did not represent a standard which came to be regarded as impracticable. Dr. Budge implies this when he says that "as no man could possibly fulfil the demands of the law, it was the mercy of Osiris which ultimately decided the fate of the soul." He who himself had risen and entered into the radiant life of heaven was the resurrection and the life of those who died in the faith of him, having also lived in that faith, in any case so far as external observances were concerned. The ground of the great mystic possibility was that Osiris himself had been once an inhabitant of this earth and was "the first man who had raised himself from the dead." So rose the believer, so also ascended on the ladder of the gods, to be joined with his own spirit in the second birth of the life beyond.

The next question and it is one which is most important of all—is whether the root-matter of the history of Osiris—his life, his death and dismemberment, his resurrection and ascension—can be credited with a meaning which would lift it out of the common path of mythologies. In a word, is it simply part and parcel of the story-making which built up the gods of old, or is there any mystic sense veiled thereby? We know well enough that in many countries and at many ages of the world the progression of the initiated soul is presented under the aspects of mystical death, mystical rising and translation to heaven. Unfortunately, there is no hint of such a possibility in the critical apparatus of these volumes, otherwise so elaborate. To myself as a mystic, the scattered materials by means of which Dr. Budge has been enabled to reconstruct, firstly, the legend of Osiris and, secondly, the legend of the soul in its redemption, speak to me with trumpet voices, but it is after another manner than the message conveyed in external ritual procedure and the great host of observances and beliefs by which the texts were overlaid. The doctrine of integration in the divine nature appears in these texts plainly; the path by which it was attained is also plain; it was one of devotion and of a perfect moral law. The fact that the code was much too high for general observance in Egypt and the fact that artificial substitutes were devised to get over the difficulty do not leave the original intent less clear. But if this sanctified law and this mystic doctrine are at the root of the religion of Osiris, one who is not an Egyptologist is disposed to wonder whether texts like the "Book of the

* "Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection." By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. Litt. D. Illustrated after drawings from Egyptian papyri and monuments. 2 vols. £2 net. (Lee, Warner.)

Dead" contain only funereal ceremonies; and I understand that there is a growing tendency at the present day, among scholars of repute, to recognise the possibility of a more mystical interpretation of Egyptian doctrine and ritual than Dr. Budge might be prepared to acknowledge. It may be that there is an aspect of resurrection in Egypt which has not yielded its secret to all the care and learning in these memorable volumes. The author tells us on his own part that behind the whole mystery of religion in Egypt there is that of the ineffable God—unnamed, unknown and inscrutable. The veil of Isis has not been therefore lifted as to all that which was signified thereby and therein.

We know in conclusion the distinguished position occupied by Dr. Budge in his particular department of research. His latest contribution to the literature of Egyptology is perhaps the greatest of all. In a wonderful manner, as it seems to me, he has elucidated the obscurities of Egyptian religious beliefs, on their external side, by reference to those of modern African peoples, which in his view are perpetuations or reflections from the predynastic period.

A. E. WAITE.

POST-LIMINIUM.*

There is about all Lionel Johnson's work an austerity, a grave dignity, such as one might imagine, never having seen or spoken with him, to have been no less characteristic of the gesture of his hand or the poise of his head in speech or in thought. It holds itself aloof; and yet, from that remoteness, makes an appeal even more sure than if it had spoken intimacies in our ear. It was, in the curious and subtle meaning of that word, like its maker, aristocratic. None could have called it great; and it had not that inevitable swiftness that startles the mind and holds fascinated the imagination. It was patient, rather; and reserved. But its dignity had the effect of grandeur; and its austere deliberation gave it an even excellence that, if it masked spontaneity on the one hand, shut out weakness on the other.

This was naturally most marked in his poetry; for poetry, even as it is the highest of arts, is the purest expression of a man's personality. It is also the chief characteristic of his prose. But in his prose one may see him unbend; and the act conveys a curious sense of shock, inasmuch as it comes after a passage of grave earnestness, and is forthwith succeeded by further passages of that same earnestness. For example, he writes of Blake thus: "'Blasted by excesses of light,' he may be, and too full of 'that fine madness,' common, as Plato knew, to poets: not a man for the straight waistcoat and the padded cell, but certainly touched somewhere." No one who has ever read his poetry, no one who has read such a poem as "Winchester" with its high manner and balanced workmanship, could ever conceive of his speaking of Blake as "touched." It strikes, somehow and somewhere, on a discordant note, that is not altogether set at rest by the flowing passages that follow after.

This is, however, a matter awoken by the circumstances of these "Essays and Critical Papers." They are, for the greater part, reviews of books in such papers as *The Academy*, *The Spectator*, *The Outlook*, *The Speaker* and *The Daily Chronicle*; and they suffer from the natural difficulties that beset a man who cannot freely choose a subject or the manner of its delivery. As we look back on Lionel Johnson it becomes apparent to our minds that it was not he who was distinguished by writing for these papers, but these papers that were distinguished by association with his name; and we therefore fall into the way of thinking, in our sentimental retrospect, that they no doubt recognised that honour and accorded him what books he wanted. Instead of which, he doubtless had to take such books as were sent him, thereby adjusting his quality to their quality, and to take trouble to maintain himself on the various reviewing staffs. Moreover, he had to write to the editorial column-measure: which is not always an inspiring thing to do; and, more important still, he did not write with an eventual public in mind.

The result of this is that in not all these essays does he show that finished care and sense of balance that we look for in him. Mr. Whittemore speaks of this as an "unpretentious book." We may feel that it is a pity that an unpretentious book should lead the van in a collected edition of Lionel Johnson's works; but the fact that Johnson did indeed find discomfort in the restrictions spoken of, may be discovered in the sudden sense of freedom we feel in the handful of essays in this book that are truly essays and not "critical papers," meaning reviews. This is chiefly remarkable in what has hitherto been virtually the only one of Johnson's short essays that has become at all known, "Party and Patriotism in Ireland," that Mr. Yeats had printed at the Cuala Press over three years ago with one of his own. It may be partly owing to the fact that it was first written for delivery as a lecture, but the fact remains that it is entirely unconstrained and unconfined; it moves with flowing ease and inspiring cadence: qualities which are not always characteristic of all these essays. So again in the youthful lectures on "The Fools of Shakespeare," which, in its very circumlocutory manner, is full of a charm that is at freedom to exercise itself.

All this is only to say that Lionel Johnson was so fine and finished a writer that we expect the very best of him. There are not many critics who, from their hours of hack-work, could give us a volume such as "Post Liminium." Take, for example, the four essays on Walter Pater; particularly the last of the four, the essay from *The Fortnightly Review*. There is more of the glow of true appreciation in these than in any of the one or two more pretentious books on Pater. So, too, when he writes on "O rare George Borrow!" or "Clarence Mangan" (an almost lonely article on the Irish bard) or "Coventry Patmore's Genius" or "Cardinal Newman." In each the subject gives a happy and accordant cue to the essayist, with the result that we receive an appreciation that sets us at one with the writer who woke it into being—which happens to be almost the only service a true critic can achieve.

Mr. Whittemore tells us that the title he has chosen for this book is "an old legal one" that "alludes to the right of a man, after a lapse of time, to enter into his own, over his former threshold." There can be no doubt surely, that the Collected Edition promised us, of which this is the first volume, will bring Lionel Johnson into his own. But it seems from the enclosed Prospectus that his best-known prose book "The Art of Thomas Hardy," is not to be included. It seems incredible, for the Poetry (the next volume to be issued) is his first title to his right; "The Art of Thomas Hardy" is his second title; and this present volume, full of excellent things as it is, is his third and completed title. And altogether a body of work remains that, if not for the general, will at least with the lovers of the finished things of literature be a continued joy and possession.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

* "Post-Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers." By Lionel Johnson. Edited by Thomas Whittemore. 6s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

MORE SINNED AGAINST——?*

It is seldom our lot to review a book of such interest and importance as this biography by Mr. Rafael Sabatini of one of the greatest figures in history. That Cesare Borgia was no saint Mr. Sabatini is the first to admit. He was beyond all doubt a remorseless egotist, cold, terrible, cruel and treacherous in an age when the same attributes were to be found in practically every man of first-rate importance throughout Europe and, above all, throughout the Italian peninsula. But Mr. Sabatini maintains, and, we think, rightly maintains, that Cesare's character has been undeservedly aspersed. This is not to say that Mr. Sabatini has set out with the express intention of "whitewashing"

* "The Life of Cesare Borgia." By Rafael Sabatini. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

XUM

the Borgias. What he has done is to collate carefully, where necessary, the various sensational accounts upon which have been reared the myth of the stupendous infamies of the Borgias and to turn upon them the light of common sense and reason. To some extent this has already been done. No historian to-day accepts the picture of Lucrezia Borgia as given by Dumas and Victor Hugo. And in the same way Dr. Richard Garnett, writing in "The Cambridge Modern History," declines to saddle Cesare Borgia with the murder of the Duke of Gandia. But much still remains to the account of Cesare which, if not actually inaccurate, is at least "non-proven."

We may select as an example of Mr. Sabatini's methods the passage in which he deals with the accusation that Cesare caused the death of his brother-in-law, Alfonso of Aragon. He takes the narrative of Paolo Capello and examines individually the various remarkable statements of which it is composed. He shows that several of these statements are absolutely incredible and that others are highly improbable, and he sums up:

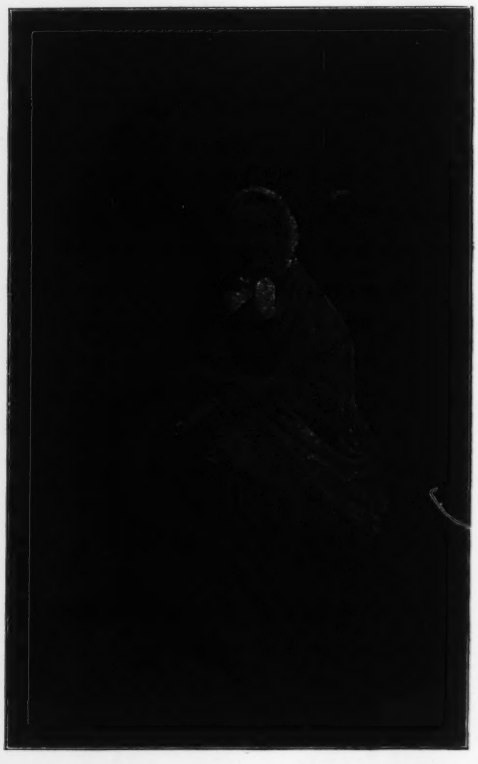
> "This conclusion, however, it is fair to draw: if, on Capello's evidence, we are to accept it that Cesare Borgia is responsible for the death of Alfonso of Aragon, then, on the same evidence, we must accept the motive as well as the deed. We must accept as equally exact his thrice-repeated statement in letters to the Senate that the prince had planned Cesare's death by posting crossbow-men to shoot him."

One other charge against Cesare with which Mr. Sabatini deals very lucidly is that of his having poisoned the Cardinal of Modena. This charge is accepted as true by the German scholar Gregorovius, who follows Giovio in declaring that the poison was contained in the Borgia's "infallible white powders." But Giovio, as Mr. Sabatini points out, convicts himself by naming the poison—"Cantarella," i.e., Cantharides. In other words we are expected to believe a man who can describe the green, very acrid and burning Cantharides as "a white powder of a faint and not unpleasing savour." Other examples of Mr. Sabatini's careful criticism could be adduced, but it were superfluous so to do. We will conclude our notice by saying that Mr. Sabatini has not only done much to clear the character of Cesare from unsubstantiated accusations but has also given a clear and picturesque account of the career of a man who was a distinguished administrator and a magnificent if somewhat reckless soldier.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY.*

This is the fifth reprint within four years, but there must still be some who need to have the praises of the book sounded in their ears. Sir John Grant got himself and his family into financial troubles, owing largely to his electioneering expenses in connection with an English pocket-borough, and in 1827, he accepted a judgeship in Bombay. But his daughter, Elizabeth, fortunately kept vivid memories of their life in England, Edinburgh, and Rothiemurchus, which her niece has edited with a few notes. The result is an extraordinary fascinating record of domestic and social life in their family during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The father continued his studies for the bar in Edinburgh and London, even after he inherited the property. "The French Revolution had made it a fashion for all men to provide themselves with some means of earning a livelihood, should the torrent of democracy reach to other lands." The girls were educated by governesses, and a rough record it is. William, the older son, was sent to Eton. "I look back with horror on that school of corruption, where weak characters made shipwreck of all worth." Of Oxford, in 1810, the authoress retains a memory which is also on the north side of friendly. She went to stay with her uncle, the Master of University College, and enjoyed herself on the whole. But she was struck with "the ultra-Tory politics and the stupidity and frivolity of the society," and as for the religion of the place it "appeared in those days to consist in honouring the King and his *ministers*, and in perpetually popping in and out of chapel." But Speyside made up for all the disappointments of England. The home-life there had its drawbacks; parental severity and favouritism clouded the household now and then; money troubles were added, before very long. Still, the girls felt at home at Rothiemurchus as they did not even in Edinburgh, and the most delightful pages in this journal describe their employment, amusements, and neighbours.

The authoress claims to have been one of the set who introduced quadrilles into Edinburgh society in 1817. She saw Mrs. Siddons act. She remembers the appearance of the Waverley novels, which she chronicles with curious curtness. And she narrates how George the Fourth gave offence to the Lowlanders by wearing Highland dress at the levée in Holyrood Palace. "However," she adds, "this little slur on the Saxon was overlooked, and it gave occasion for a laugh at one of Lady Saltoun's witty speeches. Some one objecting to this dress, particularly on so large a man,



"The Author."

From "Memoirs of a Highland Lady" (John Murray).

'Nay,' said she, 'we should take it very kind of him; since his stay will be so short, the more we see of him the better.'"

But indeed the whole book is a treasure of good things. Pathos and humour are mixed in these memoirs, and the graphic sense of character. It is a gain, for which we are indebted to Mr. Murray, that the volume now appears at a price which will carry it into still wider circles of the reading public, and especially of those who love Scotland and in Scotland Speyside.

* "Memoirs of a Highland Lady." The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant, of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith, of Baltibays, 1797–1830. Edited by Lady Strachey. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.*

Perhaps, when all is said, William Allingham will owe his literary immortality to the fact that he had a genius for friendship. His poems are graceful and have a delicate, flower-like charm, and flower-like they are fading, though

* "Letters to William Allingham." Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

his delightful nursery song, "The Fairies," is always sure of a life in the Anthologies. He wrote a cultured and pleasant prose, and after serving for a while as sub-editor, succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*; but happily he was a hero-worshipper and had the luck to meet or took the trouble to get introduced to many of the greatest authors and artists of his time, and the letters in this volume, most of which were written to him whilst he was away in Ireland where he was engaged in the Customs Department, and the recently published "Diary," scrappy as much of it is, in which he recorded something of his intercourse with his famous contemporaries, are, I think, his surer passports to lasting remembrance.

Less than a score of these letters are written by Allingham; all the rest are written to him, and many of them by such men as Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Rossetti, Carlyle, Thackeray, Burne-Jones, Kingsley, William Morris, Patmore, Landor, and other of the Victorian giants. But it is a truism that it takes two persons to make a good letter—no one can write well except to a correspondent who is well worth writing to, and these are a sort of letters that owe not a little of their value and interest to the character of the recipient. If you do not know it already, you gather from them that Allingham must have been a brilliant as well as an eminently likeable man, He had the faculty that never goes with a small nature of recognising superior greatness in others, though he had a healthy conviction of his own powers; also he had something of Boswell's knack of drawing people out, and it is characteristic of him that he invariably brought out what was best, most genial and most kindly in them. His own letters, adroitly provocative of replies, are good enough reading to make us sorry no more of them were available. "You describe better," Leigh Hunt wrote to him, "than any letter-writer I have had since the time of Shelley, and I dare not say you were surpassed even by him."

Leigh Hunt was his first correspondent of note. Allingham was nineteen when their correspondence began, and in 1847, when he was twenty-three and Hunt sixty-three, they met, and through Leigh Hunt he made acquaintance with many of the great men of his day. The letters that passed between these two throw interesting little lights on the literary world of the 'Fifties and show what an affectionate regard the old poet grew to feel for the younger one. They chat of books; criticise each other's work; Hunt, as urbanely gossipy as in his essays, replying, when Allingham mentions that he is reading Chaucer almost for the first time:

"I envy you your first acquaintance with Chaucer. It is as if you had never beheld the sunrise before, or found yourself in any great company of your fellow creatures out of the pale of Shakespeare. Chaucer is all earnestness, and sympathy, and morning freshness, and faith; aye, faith even when he banters; for he finds everything human worth making an impression on him, whatever it be, and receives it so deeply that he transfers it with like force to the reader. He laughs and weeps like an unspoiled child, and yet has all the knowledge of a man."

There are beautifully natural, self-revealing letters from Madame Bodichon—none in the book that are more spontaneous, more breathingly alive; and several written in the gayest of humours by Burne-Jones, two or three reproduced in facsimile and adorned with caricatures of the artist by himself. "Do 'ee come there's a dear," he concludes one, and another, "Adoo—transpire as soon as you can. You are always a comfort to me." And this latter sentiment finds different expression in many of the letters of other hands. Even Carlyle is eagerly remorseful that unintentionally and by sheer mischance he had slighted Allingham; otherwise his communications are rather ponderous, but that was Allingham's fault—he brought it on himself by writing to the sage asking advice as to the study, first of Irish history, then of general history, and then as to the value of College Lectures, and Carlyle replied each time at length and with due seriousness; but the letters from Mrs. Carlyle are delightfully characteristic. She writes in one, from Malvern:

"We are here till the end of the month—Mr. C. taking the water cure, and I looking at him taking it. A lady told me the other day that it was 'quite delightful to hear from the *bath-man* how *sweetly* Mr. Carlyle took his baths!' his *only regret*, the bath-man said, being that he was not kept *longer in the pack!* So you see the cold water must be acting favourably on his faculty of patience and resignation, if on nothing else."

And in another:

"What you say of Ruskin's book is excellent. 'Claret and buttermilk,' till one don't know which is which! But what *could* be expected from a man who goes to sleep with, every night, a different Turner's picture on a chair opposite his bed that 'he may have something beautiful to look at on first opening his eyes of a morning' (so his mother told me). . . . He is amiable and gay, and full of hope and faith in—one doesn't know exactly *what*—but, of course, *he* does.

"Twice last summer he drove Mr. C. and me and Nero out to his place at Denmark Hill, and gave us a dinner like what one reads of in the 'Arabian Nights,' and strawberries and cream on the lawn; and was indulgent and considerate for even Nero! I returned each time more satisfied that Mrs. Ruskin must have been hard to please. One feels always one could manage other women's husbands so much better than they do—and so much better than one manages one's own husband!"

She goes on to mention that they had been living lately in the same house with Tennyson—Lord Ashburton's; and Tennyson had read his "Maud" to the company there: "He seemed strangely excited about *Maud*—as sensitive to criticisms as if they were imputations on his honour; and all his friends were excited about *Maud* for him! and an unknown Cambridge gentleman wrote to Mr. Carlyle to ask him to be so good as to inform him what was *his* opinion of *Maud!* You may imagine how Mr. C. would toss the letter into the fire, sending a savage growl after it!"

There are letters from Emerson giving high praise to some of Allingham's poetry; and it is interesting to find A. H. Clough incidentally telling Allingham, "I had a line from Emerson the other day introducing a friend—a Mr. Henry James—who is staying here and whom I rather like." Aubrey de Vere expresses surprise at the sudden popularity of Browning's poems—"his publishers told me that in fifteen years he had hardly sold fifteen copies of them; and all at once they have leaped into popularity so great that I hear the young men at the Universities run after him more than Tennyson." There are letters from Dickens asking for and acknowledging a contribution for the 1853 Christmas Number of *Household Words;* a half-dozen from George Eliot, in one of which she compares Allingham's "narrative of homely life," "Laurence Bloomfield," with Crabbe, and considers it is "touched with a higher poetry than his." Such criticisms of Allingham's work and that of many of his contemporaries are scattered all through these letters. Mrs. Browning is not alone in failing to admire Tennyson's "Idylls of the King;" Ruskin agrees that neither Lowell nor Longfellow wrote good poetry yet he adds:

"From Lowell I have received more help than from any other writer whatsoever. I have not learned so much—but I have got help and heart from single lines, at critical times. For real ability, I think his shrewd sense and stern moral purpose worth all Keats and Shelley put together. I don't compare him to Keats, but I go to him for *other articles*—which I can't get from Keats—namely, Conscience, Cheerfulness and Faith."

One must make an end of quoting, but the letters are full of good things; they are the complement of Allingham's "Diary"—the two books together form an entertaining and a valuable addition to the literary chronicles of the Victorian era; and one cannot but be grateful to the man who inspired such letters and to the editors who have so admirably arranged and annotated them.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONGS AND SINGERS.*

"Songs of Joy" is Mr. Davies' fourth volume of poems, and the best things in it are his very best, while the flaws

* "Songs of Joy, and others." By William Davies. 2s. 6d. net. (A. C. Fifield.)—"A Sicilian Idyll and Judith." By T. Sturge Moore. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Emblems of Love. Designed in Several Discourses." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Six Lyrics from the Ruthenian of Shevchenko." By E. L. Voynich. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

and failures are less than in the other books. Several of the shorter pieces are perfect—"Fancy's Home," for example, "The Owl," "To Sparrows Fighting," and "The Sleepers." They are simple, instantaneous and new, recalling older poets chiefly by their perfection. As he advances —and he does advance both in range and fineness—Mr. Davies repeats himself more and more seldom, so that it is harder than ever to do him some kind of justice by quoting one poem. I would quote "Fancy's Home" but people would mutter "Blake!" and condemn it. I will quote "To Sparrows Fighting" in spite of the "Herrick!" with which some may deafen themselves:

"Stop, feathered bullies!
Peace, angry birds;
You common Sparrows that,
For a few words,
Roll fighting in wet mud,
To shed each other's blood.

"Look at those Linnets—they
Like ladies sing;
See how those Swallows, too,
Play on the wing;
All other birds close by
Are gentle, clean and shy.

"And yet maybe your life's
As sweet as theirs;
The common poor that fight
Live not for years
In one long frozen state
Of anger, like the great."

That is a summary and perfect example of what Mr. Davies has hitherto done. It has his characteristic simplicity and delicacy; the light spirit of it, and the thought, are peculiarly his own. His thought deepens without darkening or over-weighting his verse. He has also done several things which are new to him, like the lines "To a Bore," and like "Christ the Man," which opens in a style that perhaps foretells yet farther advances. In his love poems he makes his most unquestionable steps forward; for he has gained in depth, and in variety, and is grave and light with equal charm and truth. His longer poems in blank verse—one of thirty and one of nearly two hundred lines—are also good. They are familiar without commonplace: both abound in gusto, and "The Child and the Mariner" has magic in it.

Mr. Davies does his good and his indifferent things by the grace of God or the lack of it. Mr. Sturge Moore probably knows, or has tried to know exactly the effects he is producing, and has spared no conscious labour to make them clear and consistent. I doubt whether he has left anything in these two dialogues to provide against the needs of those who care nothing for the poet's aims. There is nothing in them which seems to have a life of its own, a wild life, I mean; all is tamed and trained to the performance. But to-day at least the blitheness and lucidity of the "Sicilian Idyll" are irresistible. The whole dialogue is as clear seen as the boy Amyntas:

"Twelve or thirteen he seemed, with clinging feet
Poised on a boulder, and against the sea
Set off. His wide-brimmed hat of straw was arched
Over his matted black and abundant curls
By orange ribbon tied beneath his chin;
Around his arms and shoulders his sole dress,
A cloak, was all bunched up. He leapt, and lighted
Upon the boulder just beneath; there swayed,
Re-poised,
And perked his head like an inquisitive bird,
As gravely happy; of all unconscious, save
His body's aptness for its then employment;
His eyes intent on shells in some clear pool,
Or choosing where he next will plant his feet."

Writing like Mr. Sturge Moore's has an exalted pedigree, but not exactly a tradition. Consequently it has only itself to depend on, having to convert the reader before gaining his ear. How good it is, then, in its kind, may be gathered from its perfect success in the "Sicilian Idyll" and a very severe pictorial beauty which it creates in the difficult story of Judith and Holofernes.

Mr. Abercrombie also handles the story of Judith as well as of Vashti, of some Scottish girls in 1745, and some prehistoric warriors. Mr. Abercrombie is a lyric poet of such abounding vitality that with that alone he can keep his drama alive. Another generation may ignore the dramatic form of these long lyrics, and in so doing may be able to pass over even the passages, here and there, which are neither dramatic nor essential to the lyric effect, as when Ozias says to Judith, whom he loves:

"And yet I still
Feared for my dream, even as a maiden fears
The body of her lover."

Mr. Abercrombie is not strong enough to make us forget that Ozias is supposed to be speaking when we come to the lines:

"Judith, shall we not thus together make
Death admirable. . . ."

or to make us forget that he himself is really saying:

"Yea, I that know thee, Judith, know thy soul,
Worse rankling hath in it from heathen insult
Than flesh could take from steel bathed in a venom
Art magic brewed over a charcoal fire,
Blown into flame by hissing of whipped lizards."

But these two hundred pages are really too good to have a word said against them in a notice of this size. In them all the vitality is constantly at fever heat. He cannot make green wood ooze in the fire without saying:

"As green wood bleeds its hissing sap
In the red heat of a fire.'

This Scotch girl, Jean, thinks of watching a man's love for her as "a wild adventure of glee":

"To see the sight of you pour into his senses,
Like brandy gulpt down by a frozen man,
A thing that runs scalding about his blood."

She says again:

"Yes, love is strong. I have well thought of that.
It drops as fiercely down on us as if
We were to be its prey. I've seen a gull
That hovered with beak pointing and eyes fixt
Where, underneath its swaying flight, some fish
Was trifling, fooling in the waves: then, souse!
And the gull has fed. And love on us has fed."

Mr. Abercrombie's imagery is wonderful. It is his native air. None of his characters can speak without it, as often as not using the imagery, not as a comparison but as the thing itself. As in:

"The king's mind is a summer over us;
Thou with a storm wilt fill him, and the hail
That shelters thee will leave us bruised and weeping."

Vashti has seen a spectre. One of her women asks:

"Was it the kind with nose and mouth grown sharp
To an eagle's bill, and claws upon its fingers,
The curve of them pasted with bloody glue?"

Arnold said that if Shakespeare had written an epic he would have died of a plethora of invention. Mr. Abercrombie shows at least that he can keep long poems alive by a beautiful, bewildering plethora of invention. If poetry were a matter of brilliant passages these dialogues would surpass not only the same writer's earlier work but most of his contemporaries'. As it is, not one of these poems is equal as a whole to "Blind" and "Indignation" in his "Poems and Interludes."

Mrs. Voynich's biographical sketch of Shevchenko, the peasant poet of the Ukraïna, is more telling than her translations of his lyrics. Her style is pure and transparent and interposes nothing between us and the original which could possibly have been excluded; she allows us to see how beautiful the original must be, and in "Only friend, clear evening twilight," does something more; but six short pieces are insufficient when they are so quiet. The narrative poem from the Russian of Lérmontov is not more successful; and is left in a state which would prove it a translation without any other proof. The work fails, in fact, by being a neither perfectly literal translation nor creative reconstruction.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE WAR GOD. *

Few arts tend to become so stereotyped as that practised by the playwright. It used to be said that from an intellectual point of view the theatre always lagged a generation behind the times. With a Bernard Shaw kept busy among us, and actually become popular at last, the old gibe can hardly be urged against our stage to-day. But in the playhouse, especially, the revolutionaries of one era may impose the conventions of the next, and it is just possible that at some distant date it might be imperative to start a reaction against the tyranny of Shavian "artificiality." Imitation, the bane of all art, is peculiarly rife in this most conservative of atmospheres, and though old themes are welcome enough, if treated freshly, and the emotions on which a dramatist must play vary from age to age in degree rather than in kind, there is need of a constant influx of ideas, of resolute endeavours to make the microcosm of the theatre approximate to the world it is supposed to mirror, if it is to remain a vital force in our midst or to preserve our respect. It is just because Mr. Israel Zangwill has recognised this necessity, and has stated in dramatic form one of the most urgent and puzzling problems of modern civilisation that his "tragedy" of "The War God" ought to provoke interest, and command admiration. In the world-politics of our day there are two opposed schools of thought and diplomacy which solicit our suffrages. There are the patriots and practical politicians who tell us that a nation's chief asset is its prestige, that its essential for growth and even life is commercial or territorial expansion, that to secure such advantages rivals must be held in check, and peace under these circumstances can only be guaranteed by preparedness for war. There are the humanitarians who deprecate a resort to the arbitrament of the sword, deplore the current competition in armaments as insane, and preaching the doctrine of the brotherhood of man denounce war, and the trade movements or diplomacy which rely on the "mailed fist" as flatly defying the better conscience of mankind. Between these alternative creeds the man in the street halts in a curious bewilderment. Both schools represent a policy to which he is drawn, either by sentiment or by a realisation of the facts and instincts of human nature; both in their relentless logic present an ultimatum to which he is unwilling to subscribe. Yet on a score of occasions as a citizen of Empire, as a voter faced with conditions he did not create, he has to make up his mind to throw in his lot with one or other of these extremists. His quandary, his hesitation between arguments which alternately drag his judgments and his feelings this way or that, furnishes the subject of Mr. Zangwill's drama.

In the imaginary European state of Gothia that supplies the setting of "The War God" such a conflict of opinion is seen operating and is typefied by two rival geniuses, a Chancellor who is a man of blood and iron, and a Count turned peasant and literal interpreter of Christ's gospel who is an advocate of peace and non-resistance. Obviously Mr. Zangwill has shaped his Torgrim and Frithiof on the historical models of Bismarck and Tolstoy, and as obviously his borrowing of their personalities has increased the realism of his stage-appeal as well as saved him trouble in characterisation. Both sides are allowed their full say though the author's sympathies are with the party of peace, and the clash of ideals and temperaments his protagonists provide makes an excellent basis for drama. But in point of fact he offers us declamation rather than action, and if his statesman and his prophet escape being mere rhetoricians his play certainly resolves itself for the most part into a set of alternate harangues, while such incidents as he does employ are of far too violent and melodramatic a kind. In the majority of these sensational scenes his revolutionary Maid of Honour, Norna takes a prominent part—a woman she who herself kills the saintly Frithiof, because he disapproves of forwarding the cause of peace by violence, and is ready in turn to assassinate the Chancellor, though she is in love with his son. Heroines of social revolt have before now murdered officials they deemed tyrants and said goodbye to their lovers, but where are we to find a match for so crazy a termagant as Norna outside the pages of an irresponsible romance or the absurdities of extravaganza. The real strength of Mr. Zangwill's drama is to be sought in the Nemesis which he prepares for his unscrupulous champion of war, and in the skill with which he makes the teaching of the dead Frithiof bring about the Chancellor's discomfiture in the very height of his success. Secretary, son, king all desert him, and we behold him in the end childless, robbed of office and power and work, left with no interests and no objects for his affections, contemplating a future in which men of his type and views can have no share. If only the comic-operatic crowd of Frithiof's hymn-singing disciples could be banished from the stage at that moment, we should have had few more impressive tableaux in the modern theatre than that on which Mr. Zangwill finally rings down his curtain, and the technical shortcomings of the playwright notwithstanding, it is impossible to overlook the exalted idealism, the eloquence, the humour, the irony which inform his plea—for it is his plea—for international amity and concord.

The medium which Mr. Zangwill adopts for his play is that of blank verse, and since this has never been actually discarded on our stage he scarcely needs justification for its use. It lends a certain dignity to his language in keeping with the subject, and the sort of blank verse he affects is at once fluent and supple, suiting itself either to epigram and broadly humourous effects or to the loftier flights of oratory. Two samples of it will serve to indicate its quality. Hear Frithiof scarifying his great enemy:

> "I hear the cannon booming peace and love.
> Poor soul! I came in love to bring you peace,
> That peace of God which passeth understanding.
> Why squat here spinning crafty labyrinths,
> Jetting your filthy network o'er the globe?
> You think to bind the future? Poor grey spinner
> Fate, the blind housewife, with her busy broom
> Shall shrivel at one sweep your giant web,
> And leave a little naked scuttling spider."

And now for Torgrim, defending his policy of brute force:

> "Dominance—
> There rings the password of the universe.
> Who knows it, he is free of every camp.
> Equality, your level, endless cornfield,
> However fat and fair and golden-stalked,
> Would set us pining for the snow-capped peaks
> And barren glaciers. Life is fight, thank God!
> Come, bare your forehead to the fierce salt Truth.
> Take war away and men would sink to molluscs,
> Limpets that wait the tide to wash them food.
> The nations would grow foul with lazy feeding.
> What Heaven loves is breeds with life a-tingle,
> Swift-gliding, flashing, darting fear at rivals,
> Men fearing God and with no other fear."

Fine rhetoric, you will perceive, but no more than that; indeed you must not expect great poetry from Mr. Zangwill, you must be content with facility rather than inspiration. You will note, also, that the voice can rest naturally almost at the end of every line. The author is rather short-breathed in his verse, indulges in what is known as the end-stopped line, does not deal much in enjambement and so can be said to resort to a pre-Shakespearian, not to say, pre-Miltonic mode. Such a vehicle can hardly lift a poet into the regions of the sublime, but it allows for an orderly and, on the whole, a stately progress. F. G. BETTANY.

* "The War God." A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

A PRIZE NOVEL.*

Mr. Melrose is to be congratulated on another successful Novel Prize Competition. A Prize Novel may be very good, and yet disappoint us, for we open it in the natural expectation that we are going to read something of quite exceptional merit. Here is a story that in open competition with several hundred others has outdistanced all competitors. It comes to us, moreover, wearing a guarantee of its excellence signed by such notable judges as Mr. A. C. Benson,

* "The House of Lisronan." By Miriam Alexander. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. W. J. Locke. Surely, then, it must be a novel of no ordinary qualities, if it is going to satisfy the anticipations that are thus aroused in us.

It is a romance of the days of William III.; its earlier chapters pass in Ireland and England, then it crosses over into France for a while, and returns home to Ireland to take up the threads of an old wrong and weave them to a strong and vividly dramatic conclusion. It is a story of love and hate, of political intrigue, injustice and the wreaking of a righteous vengeance, written with a vigour and ease and resourcefulness of invention that can only be compared to Stanley Weyman at his best. Meinherr Van der Wynykt, that swollen, drunken Dutch savage, is one of the most loathsome and most memorable villains of recent fiction; his abhorrent shadow is over all the book—even over those many chapters of it in which he plays no visible part. When he first arrives on the eleventh page you feel, before he makes his entry, that he is bringing disaster in his train and that the instinctive fears of Ethna, the beautiful young widow, the lady of Lisronan, are no mere outcome of a timorous fancy. Those were the days when the Catholics suffered persecution, and the Papist in Ireland held his estates on sufferance and might be easily ousted from them by a Protestant informer who had influence in the right quarter. The Lisronans were Catholics, and Van der Wynykt had lent the King money and was a power at Court, and therefore to be propitiated by those who had possessions he might take away from them. But his gross behaviour whilst she is acting as his unwilling hostess forces Ethna to rebuff and offend him, and her patient lover Owen D'Arcy practically turns him out of the house: an indignity he never forgives and is swift to visit upon them without mercy.

The scene in which he returns, armed with authority, and brutally evicts Ethna's household, with the incident of Ethna's own escape from his horrible embraces at that juncture, is a wonderfully realistic and live piece of writing. Her broken life thereafter, D'Arcy being dead; the flight of her young son Dermot with her out of the country, and Dermot's adventures in France, always with the resolve at the back of his mind, despite her dying wishes, to go home again when he is fully of age and have a reckoning with the monster who was responsible for their woes, is unfolded graphically and with a ripe narrative skill. And the fateful love of Dermot for the pretty, frightened girl who is for long believed to be Van der Wynykt's daughter, and his final realization of his dark dreams make a fitting and powerful end to one of the ablest and most telling romances we have read in these many years. Miss Alexander has imagination, a sure gift in the presentation of character and the born story-teller's cunning in capturing and holding a reader's interest. In a word, "The House of Lisronan" is a very remarkable first novel, and if Miss Alexander is going to write a second that is better, or even as good—then, beyond question, there is a place waiting for her among the most popular of our novelists.

S. J.

IRISH HUMOUR.*

All who have read those delightful books, "Spanish Gold" and "The Seething Pot" will realise that Mr. Birmingham is just the man to write a book on "The Lighter Side of Irish Life." Nor will the most ardent admirer of his novels be disappointed in the present work. It is always interesting when an author treats as matter of fact the same themes which he is wont to put to fictional uses. It is at once a guarantee of good faith, and an instructive exhibition of the raw material of his craft. Mr. Birmingham has made good use of the humours of Ireland in his stories. Here he gives us choice specimens of the same in, so to speak, the unmanufactured state. Some idea of the scope of the book may be gathered from the list of contents. "As Others see Us," "As We see Ourselves," "The Irish Clergy," "The Irish Official," "The Irish Peasant," "The Brogue," "Old Customs and Superstitions," "The Yank," "Wit and Humour." Such are some of the suggestive chapter-headings. The traditional Irishman, who greets you with "the top of the morning to ye," and calls you "a broth of a boy" has been effectually exploded by Mr. Bernard Shaw and other honest folk. Nor does Mr. Birmingham seek to foist him on us. On the contrary, he is most scrupulous in giving us the real article, and nothing but the real article. But his Irishman, the Irishman of fact, is at least as attractive as the puppet who for so long usurped his place in the Saxon imagination. Mr. Birmingham protests against the English expectation that Irishmen shall always be amusing, and he illustrates his point by the story of the Irishman who recited Tennyson's "Revenge," which the audience insisted on considering a comic poem.

Nevertheless, as its name implies, this book abounds in entertainment. It is full of good stories well told, such as that of the priest who "settled the controversy between the two Churches in a short and easy fashion. Taking a Bible he opened at the first and longest of St. Paul's epistles. "Tell me now," he said, "who did the Apostle write that to?" "The Romans," said his opponent. "That's enough," said the priest. "You show me the epistle he ever wrote to the Protestants, and I'll give in to you." Not the least attractive part of an attractive book are the illustrations, beautifully reproduced in colour, of Mr. Kerr. The whole production, indeed, has that charm which one associates with the publications of Mr. Foulis.

* "The Lighter Side of Irish Life." By George A. Birmingham. Illustrated by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Home from the Fair.
A Financial Muddle.

From a water-colour drawing by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A., in "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham. (Foulis.)

Novel Notes.

"THE GOAL OF FORTUNE." By E. E. Towgood. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The Goal of Fortune," is a first novel by Miss E. E. Towgood, which made its appearance in the loud confusion of the Christmas publishing season. The time could hardly have been more unfavourable, for Miss Towgood has none of the arts which can challenge the assured popularity of "annuals" and "gift-books." A delicate, rather precise, faculty of expression, a fidelity to observed life, a fanciful appreciation of character, are the chief items in her equipment, and with these there is a kind of picture-sense which enjoys and employs the details which make up scenes. To summarise her story would convey nothing of its total effect, for "The Goal of Fortune" is an account rather of people than of events, and Miss Towgood is to be congratulated on making her début with a book which is so definitely a thing achieved. There are too few novels by women which really express the woman's view, perhaps, because the models which have most acceptance are the work of men. Miss Towgood's models, if she has any, are sound; she has gained from them a direct and workmanlike manner of presentation, briskness of dialogue, compactness of form. For the rest she writes as she feels and knows, within the limits of her experience. I think it was Fanny Burney who went the length of never leaving two male characters alone together, because no woman could possibly know how they would then talk and behave. The author of "The Goal of Fortune" has not hesitated to step in where the author of "Cecilia" feared to tread, but it is always a feminine imagination that supplements a feminine observation. There are many charming moments of illumination, gleams of sympathetic and whimsical insight. Alison, the heroine of the tale, has humour, brains and purpose, but it was "inevitable that she would fall in love with her first serious wooer." It helps the reader to a realisation of Alison better than a dozen pages of narrative. Miss Towgood's novel is an earnest of work yet to come—work, I hope, more spacious in compass in which her undoubted gifts shall have a larger field for their exercise. Readers of her first book will look with interest for the development which is to be expected in her next.

PATCHES AND POMANDER. By Arthur Brebner. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In "John Saint" Mr. Arthur Brebner wrote a first novel of unusual promise, which has borne fruit in a somewhat unexpected manner in "Patches and Pomander." The author no longer concerns himself particularly with seafaring, and his new book is also an historical study of the times of King Charles II. instead of a modern adventure story. But it does seem to us that Mr. Brebner has found his *métier*. His touch throughout is sure, and he handles the "costume" portion of his story with much ability. The book opens with a description of the death of Simon Rutherford, now a searcher for the Philosopher's Stone, but once—well, perhaps it would spoil the reader's enjoyment in the book to say what he once was. Rutherford is a rich man, but besides leaving all his property to Anthony, he also gives him some very incoherent details as to the whereabouts of certain valuables. The manner of the book then changes into a highly spirited account of Anthony's quest. There is a pleasant love interest, and the result of all is a novel that no lover of historical fiction should neglect.

BROWN FACE AND WHITE. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Mixed marriages have always appeared to me a radical mistake often fraught with grave social as well as moral consequences." The problem is being discussed by Evelegh, an English missionary stationed with his wife and child in a small inland Japanese town. A fellow countryman of theirs, Villiers, who manages a neighbouring tea-plantation, has succumbed to the fascination of a beautiful Japanese girl, Kusatsu, and the missionary's only hope of frustrating what he believes to be a disastrous marriage lies in the provision of an English mate for the lonely Villiers. The desirable person arrives in the shape of Evelegh's sister-in-law, but the happy consummation of his little plot is only attained after the girl Kusatsu has sacrificed her life to save the man she loves. Mr. Holland conveys the local colour with conscientious skill, and though the action of the novel moves rather slowly at the outset, the telling of the siege of Evelegh's party by an armed mob of rioters egged on by the native priests and by the frequenters of "The Golden Kitten," a tea-house of ill repute, soon fans the reader's excitement into full flame.

THE GREEN CURTAIN. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

That an author who had already to her credit no less than seventy-two novels should in her seventy-third write her most distinguished, her most convincing, and her least sensational work, is surely something to wonder at. Yet this is what Miss Braddon has accomplished in "The Green Curtain." This story of a great young actor who flourished during the Regency and met an untimely death at the hand of the brother of the great lady whom he was on the eve of marrying, is not only a first-rate, an engrossing tale, it is, to use a tedious phrase, a most intimate and finished psychological study, the finest full-length picture of a player which we have met with in contemporary fiction. George Godwin, who electrified Drury Lane audiences in such great Shakespearean *rôles* as those of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "King Lear," and who, by the way, in career and temperament has not a few points in common with Irving and Forbes Robertson, is fully individualised and quite startlingly alive. Fanny Fountain, the fair, frail, affectionate creature he marries—and discovers to have been some time mistress to the Prince of Wales—is radiantly vital. And no less full of life, no less carefully studied, is the sketch of Isabel (Lady Beaumont), the gracious, deep-souled woman who at the last moment is robbed of her long-delayed happiness by the brooding, fanatical brother to whom she has devoted herself from his childhood. Equally admirable too is the depiction of the minor characters, of Sally Merritt, Godwin's ever-faithful foster-mother, of the old Duchess of Pentland, his patroness and friend, and of the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, M.A. of T.C.D., his confidant and earliest tutor. But we scarcely see why Lady Holland should be disguised as Lady Bayswater, or why the Countess of Jersey should masquerade as Lady Guernsey. And, without taking the trouble to consult such authorities as Genest and "The Annual Register," we dare affirm offhand that "Manfred" was never staged at Drury Lane about 1818, and that the nation which was celebrating the third anniversary of the battle of Waterloo was one scarcely likely to go in fear of a Napoleonic invasion! This question of dates brings us indeed to a very interesting question of literary ethics and conventions. Is the author of a historical novel justified in inventing a great historical character? Or rather—and this is in what Miss Braddon's audacity consists—is she justified in substituting a fictitious historical character for a real one? The great actor who, flouting the Kemble School of stately port and gesture and measured declamation, captured the town what time Byron, Whitbread, Douglas Kinnaird and Peter Moore were managing the affairs of Drury Lane Theatre, who won the enthusiastic plaudits of critics so temperamentally divergent from one another as Hazlitt, Talfourd, Campbell, Fanny Kemble and Keats, was not George Godwin, who never existed, but that wayward and erratic genius Edmund Kean. And, save for his glowing eyes and doubtful parentage—Godwin is described as the offspring of a peer's liaison with an actress—Miss Braddon's Drury Lane hero has not one single point of resemblance to the real Simon Pure. When a notice of one of Godwin's performances is quoted as having actually been penned by Hazlitt, surely the very generous licence usually granted to the romantic novelist is being rather outrageously transgressed?

THE LONG HAND. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Probably a good many writers find it difficult to make a satisfactory beginning to their books, but Sir William Magnay clearly does not. In "The Long Hand" he is well in his stride on the second page, the reader's interest is aroused, and there is promise of exciting developments before the *dénouement* is reached. Again, the author has chosen a scene and period which are, to say the least of it, unfamiliar to English readers. Munich at the end of the eighteenth century, during the time when Count Rumford was Regent of Bavaria, offers practically an untouched field for the English romancist. We may wish that the whole novel had borne out the promise of the first fifty pages—which, unfortunately, it does not—but there can be no doubt that Sir William Magnay has engineered a thoroughly readable and interesting story with its full share of adventure and excitement, and a pretty love interest. In fact, although it is not one of his best books, "The Long Hand" ought fully to satisfy Sir William Magnay's numerous admirers.

THE DISPUTED MARRIAGE. By Lilian Street. 6s. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

It is not easy, however distinct and nobly charming a personality you may possess, to play an unconventional game with the emotions, or an unconventional part in your social circle, without bringing some sharp verdicts upon yourself. So Barbara Lulworth, most charming of women, we understand, met with some severe criticism, for her sentimental friendship with Jack Stafford, a married man, whose wife lived an (outwardly) pious life at Monte Carlo, and such-like spots. The book is written in the form of letters, and Jack Stafford (who is a hero of the first water, be it understood) writes, for instance, to Barbara of her portrait which hangs opposite the table of Dennis, the artist, "What I want to buy is his portrait of you . . . but perhaps it would make me long too often and too much for you." Then follow the lines beginning: "Guard her for ever for my great love's sake." It may be seen that had the unlovable woman, Jack's wife, been "nasty" she might have reasonably joined in the condemnation of sweet friendship between husbands and charming ladies. However Barbara becomes engaged to the artist, and then the love-story of herself and her devoted men is told with sympathy and simple charm by means of a well-varied correspondence.

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER. By William Caine. 6s. (Greening & Co.)

A recent novel, "A Man with a Past," contained a diverting sketch of a certain Mr. Patten, a whimsical music-hall song writer, who was wont to dislocate the even tenor of his conversation by sheering off suddenly into impromptu verse. Mr. William Caine in this amusing novel of his has struck an equally happy vein in Messrs. Blooter and Salt, the World's Champion Cat-laffian Cross-talk Combination, whose habit of breaking into absurdly inconsequent patter and "business" on the slightest provocation proves wholly irresistible. Other "pros" whose oddities enliven the story include a retired Strong Man and an active Strong Woman, who rejoices in a contortionist for a husband. The retired Strong Man keeps a tea and beer garden in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, where the wholesale flirtations of his flashy daughter Emily involve no fewer than five victims. Carpenter, the principal victim, is an impossible young author, whose dislike for doing anything that is obvious plunges him into a series of farcical escapades. The description of the way in which Carpenter is slowly but inevitably drawn into Emily's net is one of the best things in the book. Mr. Caine exhibits a keen relish for the practical joke, but he does not despise subtler forms of humour, which ever and anon find play in witty digressions on the fads and foibles of mankind—Hampstead mankind in particular. If you do not want to laugh don't read "Old Enough to Know Better," for it will certainly make you laugh if you do.

THE REVOKE OF JEAN RAYMOND. By May Ford. 6s. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

The author of this novel imposes a two-fold strain on the reader by the somewhat excessive use of the "long arm," and by raising a constant suspicion of a didactic intention. There are few, probably, who will share her creator's admiration for Jean Raymond, who proclaims her independence and unconventionality, with a rather irritating persistence and shrillness. Jean's marriage with Bernard Gretton imposes a distinct strain upon our imagination, which is not lessened by the description of their conjugal infelicities; for when Jean ultimately leaves her husband, it is for a reason that would scarcely hold good in the most obliging of transatlantic courts, the incompatibility in this case being due to Gretton's boring his wife to death with his passion for Wordsworth and his interest in vivisection. The futility of Gretton suggests that the author was thinking more of her "case" than of reality; and in spite of all his fatuity we have some sympathy for Gretton's impatience with Mary Margetson, the "bachelor-friend" of his wife, whose excellencies and socialistic enthusiasms were sufficient to wreck the peace of any home. Miss Ford has put good work and good writing into her book, but when she next essays to administer a powder we hope she will be more liberal with her jam.

The Bookman's Table.

PASTELS UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS. By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Pastels are a light ephemeral means of recording impressions. Take them out of the frame and they will not long survive." But those before us, judged by the Rosebery or any other just standard of criticism, should outlive many a contemporary volume. They are delicate, yet incisive; light, but acutely informed. And they are essentially entertaining as well as instructive. When, on the voyage out, the gentle Frau B., having listened to the German sergeant's account of the sensation caused by his progress with a comrade and in uniform along Oxford Street, a sensation which led to the police having to take them both away in a cab, is recorded as asking in distress: "Were the Londoners indeed so hostile?" what a light is thrown on England and the English as seen through German eyes. The continuation of the narrative has its point also: "The sergeant smiled, his red-and-white cheeks swelled, his moustache curled and curled, his billiard-ball eyes glowed with amusement. Hostile! dear ladies! It was pure admiration. Never, never before had those Londoners seen two such handsome fellows." And so we pass on to a night view of St. Helena, a glimpse of Round Table Mountain, follow the Northward Trek, pause at the grave of Cecil Rhodes, halt awhile at Buluwayo, explore Zimbabwe and its wonderful ruins, enjoy "a five o'clock" on the veldt, are impressed with the majesty of the Victoria Falls, journey on to Salisbury and listen to a thrilling account of an episode of the Mashona Rebellion, take part in a discussion on hotels, wreckage, Umtali, and "the white missus," and finally take train to Beira, and ship for the East Coast voyage home. One of the impressions that are deepest in our mind, at the conclusion of the trip, is that of the immense advantages that Rhodesia holds for the "odd women" here at home.

CASTELLINARIA AND OTHER SICILIAN DIVERSIONS. By Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

The cult of specialisation to-day is nowhere more diligently practised than in the literary world. Our novelists have portioned out the world between themselves: some writers deal, so to speak, in continents, others only in obscure corners of continents; but they seldom reach beyond their self-imposed confines or trespass on what they would

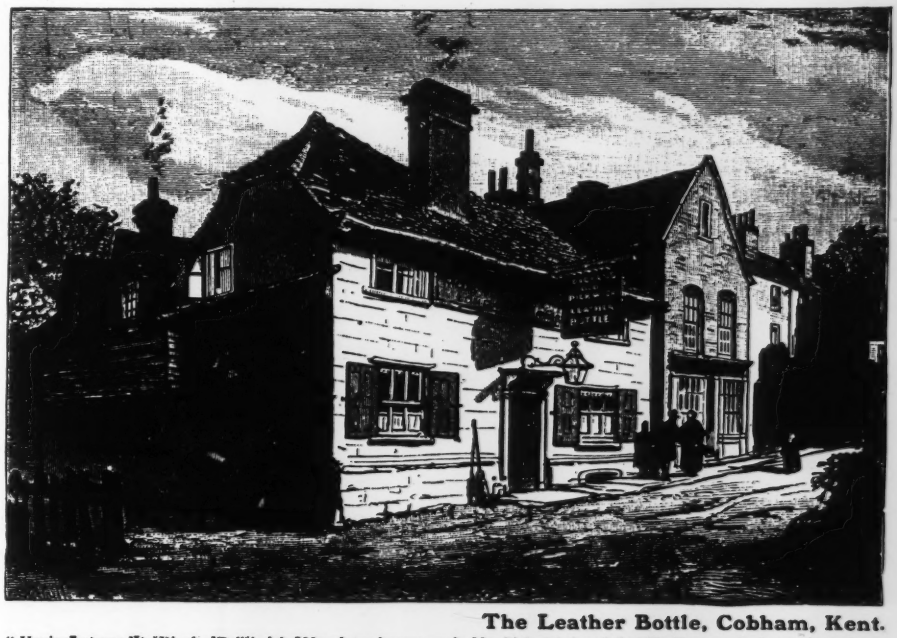
regard as other authors' territory. The author of the book before us, Mr. Henry Festing Jones, has annexed Sicily as his literary domain. "Diversions in Sicily" was a most interesting and unconventional travel book, and "Castellinaria" is equally diverting. We must admit, however, that the Sicilian dialogue puzzles us not a little. In a chapter entitled "Malagigi" we read the following: "'I saw her die at Trapani. The Empress Marfisa came and found her dying of grief in a grotto for the loss of her husband, Ruggiero da Risa.' 'Precisely. She was Marfisa's sister-in-law because she married Marfisa's brother Ruggiero da Risa.' 'Then who was the caviliere errante, Ruggiero Persiano?' 'He was the son of Marfisa and Guidon Selvaggio, and this Guidon Selvaggio was the son of Rinaldo.' 'Had Bradamante no children?'" It is space only that forbids us quoting more of this entertaining conversation, which is nevertheless rather puzzling to the lay mind. Save for a few more unintelligible passages, we have found the book fresh and interesting, and the sketches entitled "Earthquake Echoes" (of Messina, 1908) are exceedingly good.

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. By F. Frankfort Moore. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore has a genius for gold-digging. He takes a diary which is simply a sealed book to the ordinary reader from its mass of trivialities, and washes out the intolerable deal of worthless sand it contains, until there are left a few glittering pieces of gold which all the world will snatch at. Out of Fanny Burney's inordinately long diary he has extracted a narrative of extraordinary power and value. Ostensibly the narrative derives its value from the humanity with which it clothes two royal figures, giving flesh and blood to what with most people are nothing more than names. On this aspect of it the editor himself lays full stress in his brilliant preface, one of the most fascinating pieces of work ever seen from his pen. But with all his excellent historical intentions the editor is gradually overmastered by the charms of another creature of flesh and blood, the humanity of Fanny Burney herself. And so it must be with the reader. Absorbed though his natural man may be for a time by the introduction into the sacred precincts of Court life, his higher self is captivated by the strange vicissitudes of the little lady's fortunes. Accustomed to move in the highest literary circles, herself "not least but honoured of them all," accustomed to the society of Burke, of Bruce the African explorer, of Count Orloff the Russian almost-Emperor, of Reynolds, who stayed up all night reading her novel "Evelina," and of the great Dr. Johnson himself, whose letters to her Boswell ineffectually implored her to hand over to him, that he might "show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam"—after moving amidst this galaxy of talent the popular authoress became a mere tirewoman, compelled to rise at six and refused leave to go to bed till after midnight. She might never move beyond the sound of the Queen's bell. She had to stand and stand while the Queen's hair was being curled and crimped and powdered. She mixed the royal snuff, and was treated as a scullion by the head Keeper of the Robes, a perfect Cerberus. In one country house gold laced superciliosities regarded her as a nonentity, and to avoid starvation she was feign to eat apricot and bread from an equerry's pocket. The palace too was freezing in winter—"wind enough in these passages to carry a man-of-war." There were compensations: the reverend "reader" who "practised a thousand mischievous tricks to confuse me in the royal presence," the comedy of the visit to Oxford, the engrossing Warren Hastings trial. But there were also dreadful seasons, when the Palace felt the slow approach of the King's madness. "Talking—talking—talking, till he is thus terribly hoarse. . . .' The Queen almost overpowered with some secret terror. . . . A stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house." And finally the "terror walking by night."

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Robert Langton. (Hutchinson.)

This is a revised and timely re-issue of a very interesting book that was first published privately in 1883. Mr. Langton has since then been gathering together new facts, which are now all incorporated in his pages, and add not a little to our knowledge of the early days of Charles Dickens. To some extent, of course, Mr. Langton has had to rely on Forster's invaluable "Life," but he has hunted tirelessly after people who knew Dickens personally in his youth, and has obtained records and anecdotes from his old nurse, from some of his schoolfellows, and from divers friends and neighbours of the Dickens family when they were living at Chatham, Rochester, and elsewhere. He gives the words of a duet that Dickens and his sister Fanny sang, standing on the dining-room table of Mr. Tribe, then landlord of the "Mitre," at Rochester, the Tribe and the Dickens children being playfellows, and he traces Old Orlick's song, "Beat it out, beat it out, Old Clem!" to doggerel rhymes that used to be sung by the Chatham blacksmiths when Dickens lived there as a child. One way and another he throws a good deal of light on characters, incidents and references in the novels, and incidentally makes it clear that Dickens's boyhood was not such a wretched and neglected one as Dickens, looking back in his later years, was too apt to imagine it had been. Altogether Mr. Langton has written a pleasantly gossipy chronicle that forms a very useful supplement to the biography of the great novelist whose centenary we are now celebrating. The illustrations are numerous and full of interest. ■



The Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent.

"Having returned to Dingley Dell by the Muggleton heavy coach, Mr. Pickwick found that Mr. Tupman had gone away during his absence, but was to be heard of at 'The Leather Bottle,' Cobham, Kent, and the three friends at once resolved to follow him there."—From "The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," by Robert Langton (Hutchinson).